Saturday Review

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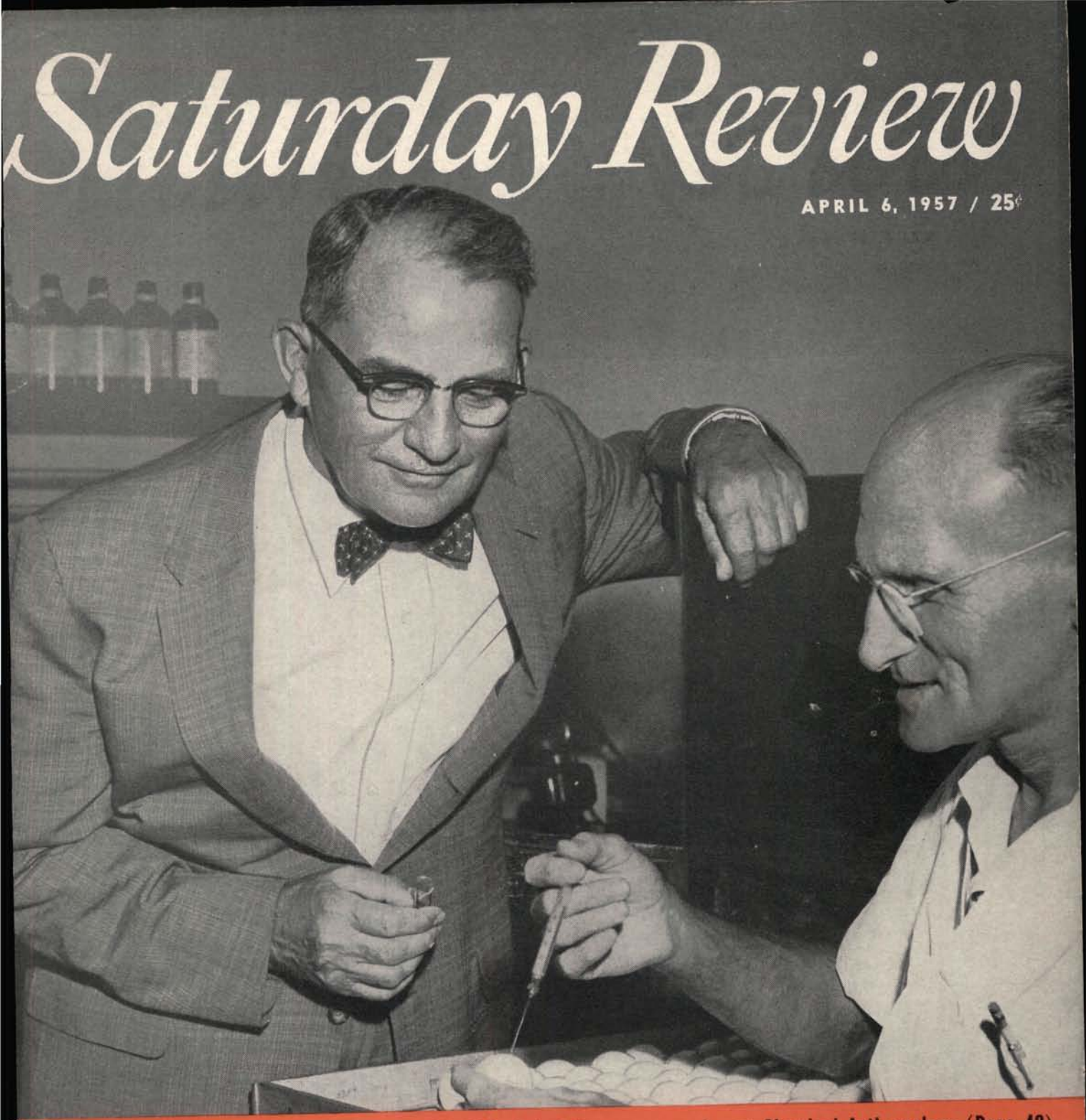

Dr. Roger J. Williams (left, with researcher Dr. Alfred Taylor) fathers a new science: Chemical Anthropology (Page 42).

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

CHEMISTRY MAKES THE MAN

By Dr. Roger J. Williams

THE ESTABLISHMENT: ENGLAND'S DEMOCRATIC ARISTOCRACY

By Walter Allen

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 6, 1957

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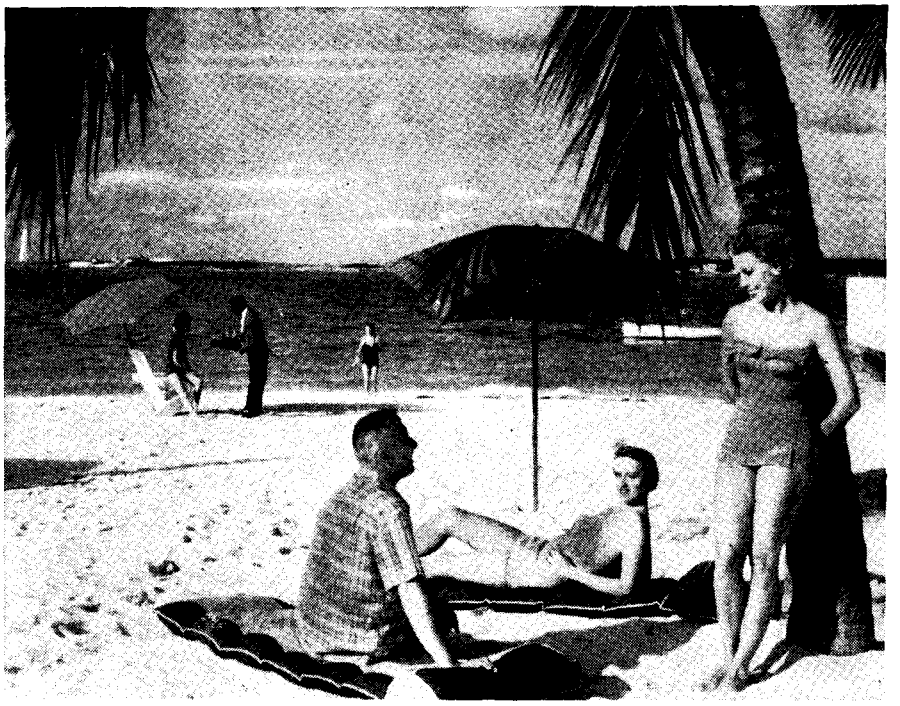

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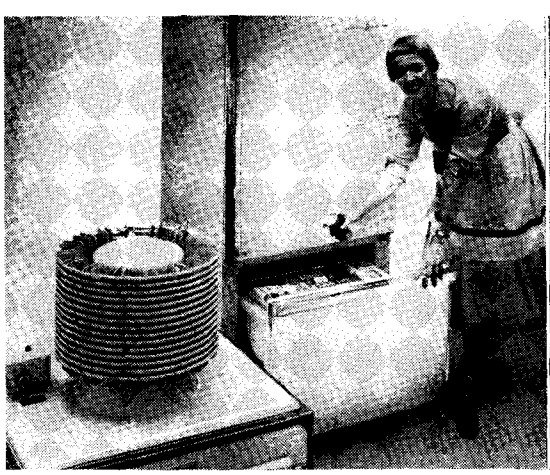

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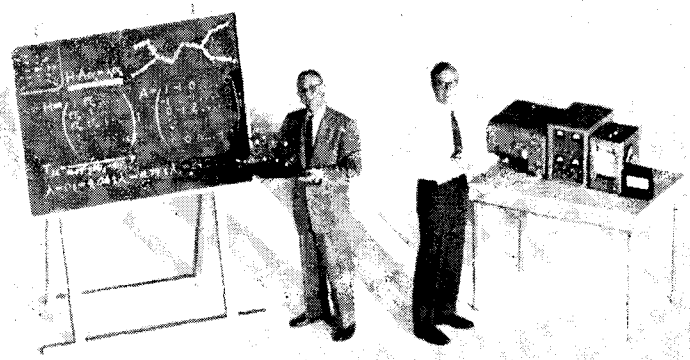

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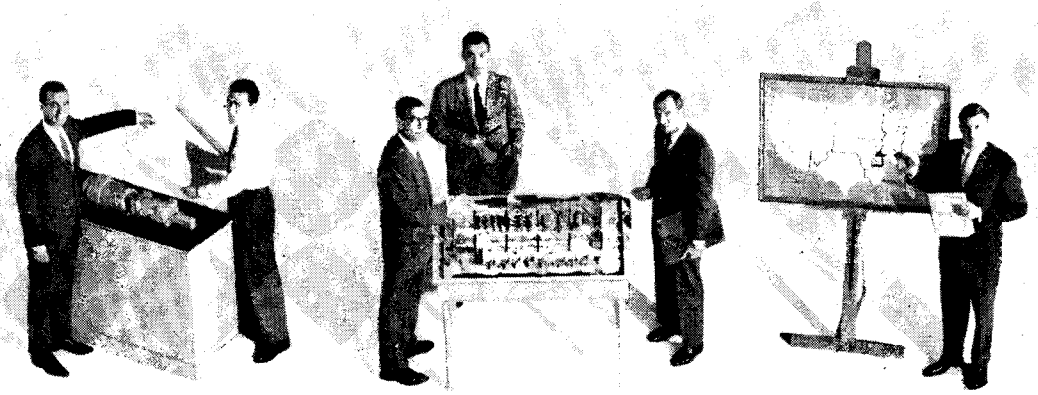

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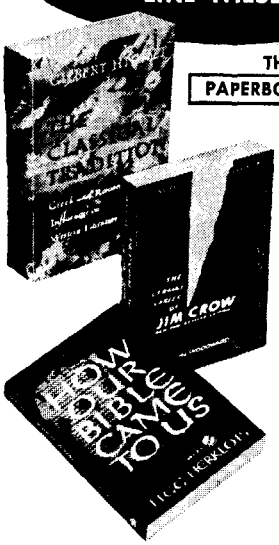

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TRADE Winds

[**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Fifteen years ago last month Bennett Cerf began his association with *The Saturday Review* as author of TRADE WINDS. His predecessor was Christopher Morley, one of the founders of the magazine, who charted the trade winds of publishing and bookstores. Mr. Cerf enlarged the franchise, writing about the things that appealed to him—books, theatre, travel, lecturing, Broadway, Hollywood, good stories and, most of all, people. He believed that readers who were interested in good books had lively minds and tastes that deserved a varied fare. In a sense, his wide-ranging column served to keynote the diversified and broadened scope of the magazine itself. Last week Mr. Cerf was good enough to credit *The Saturday Review* with having started him on a new, busy, and rewarding career. By way of returning the compliment, we point out that during his connection with the magazine our readership had a tenfold increase. Three months ago he told us he would be unable to continue beyond his fifteenth anniversary. We respect his desire to reduce his workload. In thanking him publicly for his long service to the magazine, we are certain that he also has the appreciation and good wishes of our readers. No single successor has been selected. TRADE WINDS, at least for the time being, will be conducted on assignment. Our first contributor is Jerome Beatty, Jr., formerly of the staff of *Collier's.*]

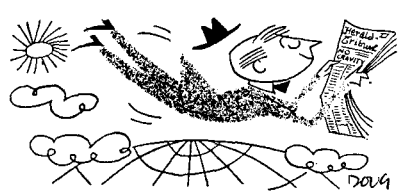
IT'S NICE TO BE ABLE to own the company you work for, and now that is the situation with Leon Shimkin, president, and James M. Jacobson, executive vice-president of Pocket Books, Inc. They have just purchased PB from the estate of Marshall Field. Things won't change much at Pocket Books. In eighteen years, since it was founded as the first publishing house of its kind, they have sold 700 million books (8 million were Dr. Spock's on how to care for babies and 74 million were Erle Stanley Gardner's various volumes on how to catch murderers). Obviously, the boys will keep on top of the paperback world, with Pocket, Cardinal, Permabooks.

Where to from here? Well, Shimkin believes paperbacks are still "tied to the umbilical cord of magazines," and are being sold like them—huge similar piles of them being dumped regularly and simultaneously in every one of thousands of outlets around the country. "I am not satisfied," Shimkin tells us, "that the right book is always at the right place at the right time. The field has been extensively cultivated, and now my objective is to cultivate it intensely and get more crops per acre." Rotation of readers, we call it.

WE HAVE HAD A BRUSH with educational television. NBC just showed us the first in a series of half-hour programs which they are providing now for educational TV stations throughout the country. "The American Scene—Through the Eyes of Its Writers," this was called. In this case it was Professor Albert D. Van Nostrand and Walter Edmonds discussing his "Drums Along the Mohawk," and Julie Harris, Ed Begley, and James Daly reading from the book.

If NBC really wanted to give us an educational glimpse of the fighting along the Mohawk in those days they could just run off the old movie. I can see Randolph Scott now (or someone like him) wearing the deerskin jacket with the fringe on the bottom; can see him loading a musket the right way; can see the Indians shooting fire arrows; can get a fine portrait of the stuffy Britishers (Alan Mowbray) who lost the war for *their* country. Do you think you can learn all that stuff in school? People of my generation (too young for the American Revolution and just old enough for World War II) have soaked up practically all they knew about The American Scene from such cinema.

THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL Geophysical Year. Scientists the world over are studying our planet, and will make



reports and read papers on their discoveries, settling many questions and raising new ones. But the two most fascinating will deal with these matters which came to our attention first through the following headlines:

"Force of Gravity Weakening"—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"Earth Is Smaller Than Thought"—*Science News Letter.*

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deal with these falsehoods. As for the first proposition, we have much evidence that, contrary to what *they* think, gravity is stronger than ever before. A survey of adults of our neighborhood, for example, brought out these startling figures: garbage cans are much heavier than they used to be; nine out of ten men testified that when pushing automobiles in the

winter they noticed that gravity exerts much more of a holding force than several years ago.

As for the second headline, the notion has been utterly demolished. A study was made in the very same neighborhood, carefully balanced this time by interviewing only boys under twelve years of age. The overwhelming majority stated that without doubt the earth is much *larger* than it is at first thought to be.

HERE'S THE FORMULA. Take a humorous novel, a satire on Washington that got good reviews, that had six bids from Broadway. Get a dramatist whose last play was one of the biggest hits of recent years. Cast your show competently. Get Hollywood interested. Then those magic words will come drifting your way: "A flop is born."

A couple of weeks ago we had tickets for the fifth performance of the new smash comedy hit, "Good As Gold," adapted by John Patrick from the novel by Alfred Toombs, and starring Roddy MacDowall and other fine actors. About the time the fifth performance should have been performed we were getting our money back in a deserted theatre lobby. How did that happen? We talked to Al Toombs.

"The essence of successful satire," he believes, "is to create a character who has some completely outrageous philosophy or idea that makes perfect

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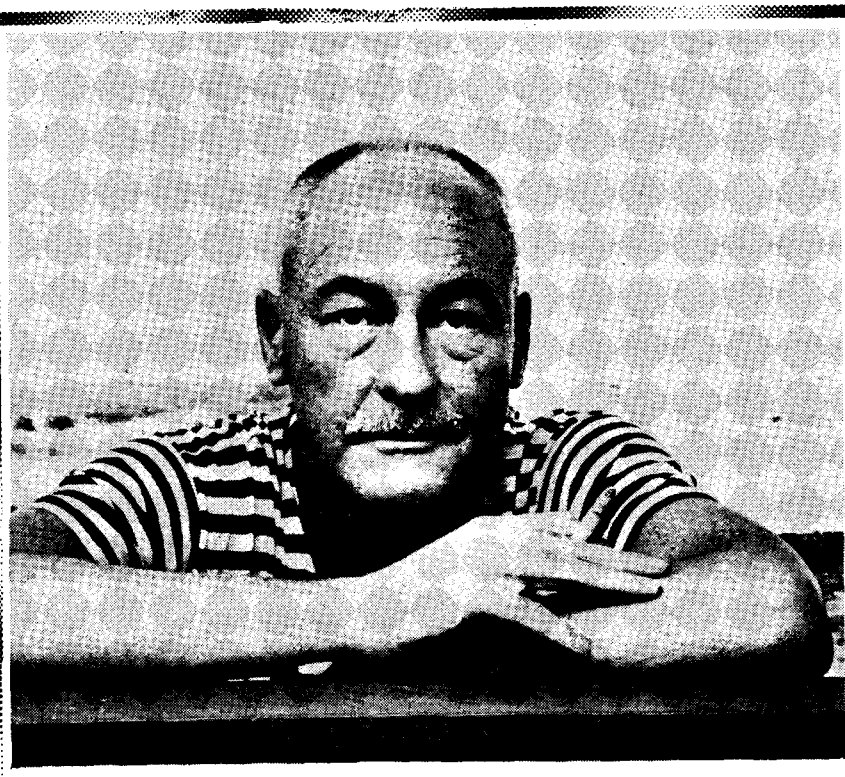

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sense to him, but horrifies the people to whom it is presented."

That's what this writer did in "Good As Gold." It is about a dead-serious young scientist who has invented a method for turning gold into extremely rich soil. He arrives in Washington to present his invention to the Government.

"We were quite excited when the book came out and we saw the reviews," Al recalls now. "It got a lot of attention—a nice lead review in *Time;* a good shot in *Newsweek,* the *Times* and *Herald Tribune,* and a lot of good words out of town. Both the *Washington Star* and *Baltimore Sun* picked it as the funniest book of the year. Within a couple of weeks after publication I had gotten a half-dozen offers from very substantial people in the theatre, wanting to dramatize the story. I picked John Patrick, whose 'Teahouse of the August Moon' had earned a half-million on the stage.

"He was quite clear on one point. He was to have complete control over all the details of dramatization. 'I don't know how to write a novel,' he said, 'But I do know the theatre.' I kept my end of the bargain, making no suggestions about the treatment. I was generally delighted with the first draft, and so were a lot of other people who laid money on the line for the production. There were a few things about plotting and situations which I bravely criticized. Pat told me not to worry; they'd be taken care of or would play better than they read. I said no more."

"Good As Gold" opened in Boston to nice notices and two weeks later moved to New York on the wings of a rave review in *Variety.* Al brought his wife and four daughters up from southern Maryland and they lived it up at the St. Regis.

"Opening night," he goes on, "I left the theatre convinced that we had a small but solid hit going for us. We were partying about 2 a.m. when the first reviews came in, delivered by Zero Mostel and Paul Ford, who had been at Sardi's. They weren't good, but we kept a brave face. It wasn't until I saw the afternoon papers the next day that I understood the extent of the calamity. The reviews were mixed—some bad, some worse. When I called the producers' office Cheryl Crawford said that we were going to close down. I couldn't believe it or understand it—and still can't. All that money and all those laughs gone down the drain.

"The bell tolled for my Cinderella family and we closed down our hotel suite and made our way back to the country, riding the coach and munching hamburgers."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 6, 1957

THE ESTABLISHMENT:

England's Democratic Aristocracy

By WALTER ALLEN, *British broadcaster and author of many novels and books of criticism, who is a frequent teaching-visitor to these shores.*

ATTENTIVE readers of the British weekend political and literary reviews, still commonly called the "sixpennies" though their prices now range from sevenpence to ninepence, may have noticed the emergence of a new word during the past two or three years, or rather, of an old word given a considerable extension of meaning. Over the last few years, this term, "the Establishment," has come to stand for something most easily definable perhaps by example.

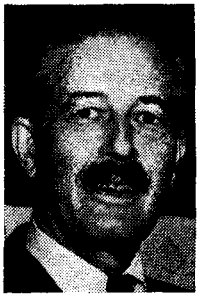
Seventy-seven years ago Henry James, still, as the title-page reveals, "Henry James, Jr.," published his study of Hawthorne in the English Men of Letters Series. There, considering the condition of the United States in Hawthorne's boyhood, he lists what he calls "the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life":

> No State, in the European sense of the word, and indeed hardly a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great Universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot! Some such list as that might be drawn up of the absent things in American life—especially in the American life of forty years ago, the effect of which, upon an English or a French imagination, would probably, as a general thing, be appalling.

The list is a mixed one, and therein lies much of its interest. Since James compiled it, many of what seemed to him the deficiencies of American life have obviously been more than made good; yet I imagine the common American reaction to the implications of the list and of James's conception of "high civilization" remains that immortalized in the final sentences of a novel utterly different from any James ever wrote, a novel published five years after his "Hawthorne":

> I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilise me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

I been there before. It is a sentiment that has been uttered by a great many Englishmen for a great many years in the presence of what is represented by James's "items of high civilization." The paradox is, after social changes so radical as to amount almost to social revolution, James's



Harold Macmillan
Scion of the influential publishing house, the Prime Minister is related by marriage to the ancient, powerful Cavendish clan.

Sir Gordon Richards
This famous jockey rode more than 4,500 winners on England's favorite vertebrate, and copped a knighthood for a trophy.

Duke of Edinburgh
Prince Philip is in the position to make public pronouncements occasionally such as telling scientists they aren't lively enough.

Archbishop of Canterbury
Dr. Geoffrey Fisher has come in for many brickbats because of the strong views on divorce he has in connection with royalty.

Hugh Gaitskell
The leader of the Labour Party went to the "best" schools, and learned his public-service trade working for Churchill during the war.

Sir Osbert Sitwell
Descended from the Plantagenets, and head of a turbulent literary tribe, the fifth baronet Sitwell writes brilliant memoirs of his era.

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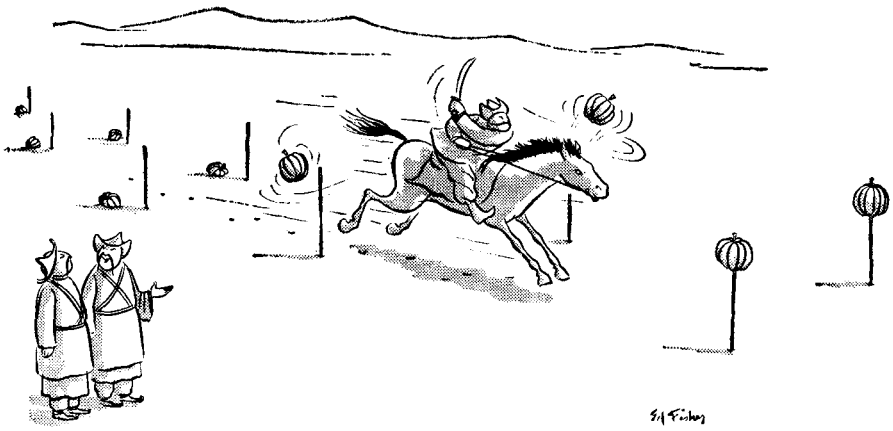

"The enemy won't ever know what's hitting them —provided they're properly lined up, of course."

conception of "high civilization" is as potent in Britain as ever it was. Indeed, it seems more potent, and the sudden appearance among British intellectuals of the word Establishment in its new, extended sense is an expression of dismay that in a social democracy like Britain's it should still be so. For what James is describing is an aristocratic society, a society based on privilege. He is describing precisely what the English intellectual of today is implying when he refers to the Establishment. In modern England, "class" is a dirty word; the fact remains, class distinctions are as strong as they ever were.

One must, however, discriminate. This is not to deny for one moment the reality of the British social revolution. In some ways, Britain is as advanced a democracy as any in the world, perhaps in some ways the most advanced, certainly if the test is equality of opportunity for the children of all citizens. The alternative government is the Labour Party, which is overwhelmingly a working-class party. Its success is shown not only by the legislation it enacted during its long period of office after the war but also by the way in which the Conservative Party has had to steal its thunder. The former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Butler, and his Labour predecessor Mr. Gaitskell may have said harsh things about each other across the floor of the House of Commons, but the coinage Butskellism existed to denote the very large measure of real agreement that exists between the members of the two Front Benches of the House.

On the one hand, then, there is greater equality of opportunity in contemporary Britain than ever before. On the other, there is the continued existence of the Establishment, of privilege, of a ruling class. In this situation, what does equality of opportunity mean? It means, I think, opportunity to get into the Establishment. England remains a country divided into two broad sections, *we* and *they*, *they* being the people who know what is good for *we*. *They* tell *we* what to think and what to feel. *They* control most of the press and what is probably more important, the BBC. *They* know.

The BBC lies at the heart of the matter. It is the spokesman of the Establishment and of what is generally accepted by *they*, as indeed its existence probably brought the Establishment in its present condition into being. A public corporation, it is independent of the Government. It is dictated to only by the two main political parties, each of which, out of fear of the power of broadcasting and simple jealousy of the other, see to it that as far as possible only speakers who toe the official party lines get on the air. The first director-general of the BBC, Lord Reith, had a very clear conception of the function of broadcasting. It was primarily neither to entertain nor to educate, important though both these were. No, its all-important function was to unify, to consolidate the nation. Lord Reith left the BBC before the war, but the policy he laid down remains the corporation's and it has been remarkably successful. Its first great triumph was during the General Strike of 1926, when Lord Reith was able largely to prevent the BBC's being taken over by the Government as its official spokesman. Its second great triumph has been the rehabilitation of the Royal Family after the blow it received from the abdication of King Edward VIII, the present Duke of Windsor. Herein Reith showed himself a man of extraordinary prevision. He had already, during the reign of George V, inaugurated the annual Christmas Day broadcast of the sovereign, which has become the high peak of the loyal Englishman's Christmas throughout the world. By doing so, Reith established the modern British conception of kingship, which is essentially that of the family man or wife and mother whose family, in some mysterious sense, embraces a whole commonwealth and empire. The sovereign exists in the image of her people: since her people by and large subscribe to bourgeois values it is essential for the sovereign, however infinitely glamorised, to be bourgeois. The BBC remains the most ardent projector of the Royal Family; Britain is kept acquainted day in and day out with its public manifestations through sound broadcasting and television. For the most part, the press abets the process; it seems that the Queen's or Princess Margaret's picture on the front cover of the illustrated weeklies always sends up circulation. But the BBC remains the chief propagandist. Newspapers must be governed by what is news; the fact that Her Majesty goes to church every Sunday is not news. If she didn't, it might be. But at nine o'clock every Sunday evening the BBC unfailingly reports to Britain that Her Majesty had attended divine service.

ALL this makes the BBC the spokesman of the opinions and sentiments on what is right and proper that are shared by the large body of citizens whether Tory or Labour. It represents, in other words, the social equivalent of Butskellism. It speaks for the new orthodoxy that itself has so largely created. It is an expression of the center. The weakness of its position is that, though it has tried its hardest to induce new writers to write for it, with some success, it is inconceivable that the first writings of a new Shaw, a new Belloc, a new Wyndham Lewis, a new D. H. Lawrence, a new Orwell, would ever appear on the BBC.

For the great mass of Englishmen the BBC is the voice of *they*, the voice of authority, of the Establishment. It is only fair to add that what it says is generally taken as gospel. The question is, How do the children of *we* become *they*? Well, the Establishment has become wider, more broadly based. This is reflected in the Queen's biennial honors lists. Any successful trades-union leader may now expect to become at least a knight and in all probability a peer, and still remain a leader of his union. A popular sportsman is always in imminent danger of knighthood—it has happened to an eminent jockey and to an eminent cricketer. There seems no doubt that such honors are appreciated by the bulk of the public: popular demand will no doubt soon lead

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to the knighting of Mr. Stanley Matthews, the principal idol of the football fans. Again, minor honors are constantly awarded to faithful servants of industry, foreman in aircraft factories, for example; and the awards are assumed to honor not only the man himself but also his fellow workers and the value of their labor.

This may be Britain's reply to the Russians' honor of Hero of the Soviet Union. There seems little doubt that politically it is enormously effective. I am afraid it is true that most labor leaders like being lords, and if they do not then their wives like being ladies. By bringing as many of their representatives as possible into the Establishment the forces of social change are assimilated into the traditions of English history. Change is made organic. Change, in fact, is tamed. A reflection of this may be seen in the autobiographies of so many Labour politicians, who, entering the House of Commons as wild men, delivered themselves as soon as possible of fiery speeches which ought to have brought the roofs of Westminster in ruin about them but which led, in the smoking room afterwards, merely to warm congratulations on an able and interesting speech from their Tory opponents. With only the gentlest of pressure being brought to bear upon them, they were gradually chivvied into conformity with the conventions of the Best Club in Europe.

THE question still remains, How do the children of *we* become *they*? The answer is, Through education. Mr. Butler's Education Act of 1944, which was the work of the wartime National Government of Conservative and Labour, immensely widened educational opportunities. It also greatly intensified competition for places in secondary schools and universities. It has put a premium, from a very early age, on intellectual, academic ability. Now the English secondary schools, the grammar schools, have always modelled themselves both in curriculum and ethos on the public schools, which lie outside the state system of education and which, in that attendance at them involves heavy fees, are essentially private. The state secondary schools are good, but the public schools as a general rule are better, better because they pay their teachers more and because they have more teachers in proportion to students. So far as education goes, theoretically, the parents' income is immaterial in England today: no amount of money alone will get a boy or girl into a university. Ability is everything. But this merely makes earlier training the more vital in a system that has become—or so it seems to many parents—fiercely competitive. So one has the phenomenon, at a time of heavy taxation—surtax at ten shillings in the pound begins at an income of 2,000 pounds net and increases steeply and rapidly as the income rises—of more and more middle-class, professional men of only moderately large incomes straining themselves to the utmost to send their children to public schools: men, very often, who have themselves been educated in the state schools. For what matters is the end product. The boy will emerge from his public school not only with a better grounding than those of his rivals in the great majority of state schools but with the marks of the ruling class already stamped upon him, marks that manifest themselves in speech, accent, manners, clothes. Most students in British universities today are there by scholarships or on maintenance grants awarded by the state or local authorities. But again the same thing happens. The clever son of a foundry laborer who wins a scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge emerges as a member of the ruling class. He becomes a member of the Establishment.

Is it resented by the masses? A partial answer may be gained from a glance at the composition of the Labour front bench, the alternative government. By a curious coincidence, the Earl Attlee as a small child was in the charge of a nurse who had once supervised the unbringing of the infant Winston Churchill. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, who has become Lord Attlee's successor in Commons and who is the idol of the trades unions, is a product of Winchester College and New College, Oxford. One of his rivals, Mr. Harold Wilson, is, it is true, the son of a locomotive driver, but all the same he is an Oxford graduate. Nor are most of the Bevanites, Mr. Bevan himself excepted, exactly working class in origin. Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, for example, is from Winchester and New College too, and like Mr. Gaitskell, a former don.

OUGHT it be resented? Well, the political advantages accruing from the existence and the widening of the Establishment are plain. Britain today is probably more closely united within itself than it has ever been in its history. Yet the Establishment has its opponents. They are those who, whatever their politics or religion, are the true heirs of the English Nonconformist tradition, the tradition of dissent, the tradition expressed in contemporary English literature by the remarkably diverse figures of D. H. Lawrence, George Orwell, E. M. Forster, and Bertrand Russell. To its opponents the Establishment is distasteful because implicated with it is a new orthodoxy, and orthodoxy is suspect simply because it is orthodoxy.

So the main opposition to the Establishment comes from the independent organs of the Left and the Right alike, those weeklies which so often embarrass the political parties they are generally assumed to support. In effect, this means that the articulate opposition to the Establishment comes from *The New Statesman and Nation* (Left) on the one hand and from the new *Punch* (Right), revivified by Malcolm Muggeridge, on the other. It was *Punch* that first publicly, in a cruelly devastating cartoon, suggested that it was time Sir Winston Churchill, hitherto a sacrosanct figure, should resign. But the editor of *Punch*, Mr. Muggeridge, also lost all patience with the brou-ha-ha that surrounded Princess Margaret's misadventures with her Group-Captain—and he printed his acid comments in the pages of *The New Statesman*.

This dexterity does not mean that these two publications are not true rivals. They are; they differ in politics and philosophy very profoundly. But both magazines are controlled and largely read by members of the Establishment, and members of the Establishment can write for each other and understand each other without difficulty, whatever their differences of opinion. This is one of Britain's national assets, in a world crowded with fanatical and intolerant cants, whose value cannot be overestimated.

Poem for an Afternoon

By Betty Jane Balch

I REMEMBER the lean, grape colored violets
And the shadows hunched in the corner of the wood
And how the startled bunting swept above the fern tops
And cried the sound
That buntings in their terror cry.

I remember the brook stones that lay like shapes of marble
The water folding over them like strands of crystal hair;
I remember the spider's web studded with round trembling rain
And a blackbird, fat and shining in a tree.

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The Author and the Taxman

By WILLIAM PEARSON

IT IS close to April 15, and the curtain rises on a darkened stage littered with the corpses of taxpayers. As our eyes become accustomed to the "Götterdämmerung" setting we see a group of shrouded figures standing against the sky. This is the Internal Revenue Service chorus—timeless, inscrutable, and unrelenting. At the right end of the stage, surrounded by autograph-seekers, is a frightened, cowering figure: Johnnie Jackpot, our protagonist. Last year he wrote a best-seller which was tapped by *The Saturday Evening Post,* the Literary Guild, and Hollywood. His cup ran over some time ago, but there is the Commissioner to pay. Now he is in the presence of his own expert—a taxman. In his hands he holds a document miraculous for its small print. It is called Form 1040.

TAXMAN: Johnnie, you should have consulted me before you even delivered your manuscript to the publisher. But we'll see what we can salvage. How long did it take you to write the book?

JOHNNIE: I started June 1, 1953. I finished the book April 13, 1955. It was published April 1, 1956.

TAXMAN: You probably had no income in 1953 and 1954.

JOHNNIE: How did you know?

TAXMAN: Never mind that. The point is, if it took you more than two years to write your book you can spread the jackpot income from last year over the period of time it took to write it. Of course, there are qualifications.

JOHNNIE: That's what I've noticed, all right. But it didn't take me two years.

TAXMAN: Perhaps it did. When did you get the idea for the book?

JOHNNIE: About five years ago.

TAXMAN: And did you give thought to it over the intervening years? Make notes about plot and characters?

JOHNNIE: Quite a few. I wrote a rough outline in 1951, tore it up, did another in 1952.

TAXMAN: Then let me call your attention to the case of *Blum v. Commissioner,* 11 TCM 612, 1952. The plaintiff in that case was a screenwriter who sold a motion picture story entitled "A Guy and a Goddess" in 1945. Before 1940 the plaintiff undertook research to obtain background for an original story based on the idea of a supernatural being influencing the lives of a group of Runyonesque characters. During the years 1940 to 1945 the plaintiff discussed his idea with other writers and worked sporadically on the project. But it wasn't until 1945 that he had the idea on which he finally based the story. During the years 1940 to 1945 he had worked for various motion picture companies, so his full time couldn't have been spent on the work in question.

A tax question arose when the plaintiff contended he had spent more than three years on the work (the law now requires only two years) and the taxing authorities disagreed. The court upheld the plaintiff, saying that his discussions with other writers proved that he had conceived the idea of writing a story with a supernatural element sometime prior to 1940. The three-year period would thus begin to run. The court said specifically:

> . . . The bulk of the work consisted of planning and study of the background material. In applying the intent of the statute to work entailed in writing a thematic composition, it would be sophistic if we were to separate the work into (a) physical labor, such as typing and (b) mental labor, and to hold that (a) should be counted as work on the project but that (b) should not. The construction of a plot, the development of characters, and the crystallization of the story theme into terms of conflict, suspense, and final resolution are the results of mental activity. In terms of essentiality, the mental activity is more important than the physical work of writing or typing.

JOHNNIE: First good news I've had this year. In other words, since I toyed with my story over a five-year period I can spread my jackpot income back over the same period?

TAXMAN: Hold on! In the first place, while you can spread the income you received in the jackpot year back over the time you worked on the book, you can never spread it back over a longer total period than thirty-six months. But more important, and this is where you probably made your mistake, Johnnie, the money you received for the book in the jackpot year from all sources—movie rights, serial rights, and so on, as well as regular royalties—must be not less than 80 per cent of the gross income you received for the book from all sources in the jackpot year plus all previous years plus the twelve months immediately succeeding the close of the jackpot year. I'm assuming, of course, that you're on a calendar year basis.

JOHNNIE: You've lost me.

TAXMAN: I'm not surprised. Hemingway did not write the Internal Revenue Code. Let me put it this way. Nineteen hundred and fifty-six was your big year. Let us say that you then received $80,000 from royalties and other rights in your book. Let us say that you received $10,000 from advances and rights in earlier years. Now, if this year you receive more than $10,000 you cannot qualify for the spreadback, because then the $80,000 you received in 1956 will be less than 80 per cent of what you received in 1956 plus what you received in previous years plus what you receive in 1957.

JOHNNIE: But that isn't fair. I have no control over what I'll get in 1957.

TAXMAN: That's why I said you had to do your tax-planning in advance. You must take it upon yourself to see that your contracts are written so that the income you receive from the book in the year following the jackpot year doesn't take you out of the 80 per cent clause. Even such a writer of the first rank as James Gould Cozzens had to learn the hard way, and I refer you to the 1953 case

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Sinai Campaign

—From the book.

***"100 Hours to Suez," by Robert Henriques** (Viking. 206 pp. $3), is a report on the Israeli invasion of the Sinai peninsula by a British correspondent and novelist. Our reviewer, Hal Lehrman, won the 1957 George Polk Memorial Award for articles on the Near and Middle East.*

By Hal Lehrman

RUSHED to his unit on the eve both of his wedding and the advance into Egypt, one Israeli soldier last October was dubiously comforted by word that bride, rabbi, and most of the guests had already been mobilized too. A prime characteristic of Israel's lightning Sinai campaign was this passionate dedication to speed by all concerned. Normally feasible in three weeks, preparations, troop concentration and deployment were managed in under five days. An area reportedly traversed by the Israelites in forty years was overrun by the Israelis, moving in the opposite direction, in barely four days. This unbemedalled reviewer, who is a stranger to logistics and strategy but who does know the slow pain of setting readable sentences on paper, suggests that perhaps the most incredible feat of all in the Sinai faster-than-light department is "100 Hours to Suez." The book was researched in seventeen days, dictated in fourteen, tailored in seven more, then flown out, equipped with combat maps and drawings, processed, bound, and delivered all between mid-January and late March. Nevertheless it is a detailed, unhurried guide to the campaign's political and military background, its preparations, battles, and results, as well as a well-told tale of high adventure.

Author and assignment were neatly suited. Robert Henriques is a military journalist and noted novelist ("No Arms, No Armour," among others), a fighting soldier (C.O. of a British Commando unit in World War II and a top planner at Combined Operations Headquarters for the Normandy invasion), Jewish-born but non-Zionist (from a family of Spanish-Inquisition vintage established in Britain for centuries), and uncannily at home on the Israeli military scene. Many officers he interviewed had served on jobs or trained in schools he knew in England; when he last saw her, the Egyptian destroyer taken by the Israelis off Haifa had been a British escort vessel in the 1943 Sicilian landings; the Israeli destroyer which boarded her, also purchased from Britain, had once been skippered by his brother-in-law.

Col. Henriques benefited from Israeli contrition over the notoriously cold shoulder given all correspondents during the actual fighting. The General Staff, congenitally so security-shy it will not tell a reporter the time on the clock, showed him (nearly) everything, directed key officers to open wide, abstained heroically from trying to color his views, and kept censorship of his manuscript at a minimum.

DESPITE his understandable gratitude, the author has made only a few errors of over-enthusiasm. To refute the charge of "collusion" with the Anglo-French, for example, he is unnecessarily emphatic that Premier Ben-Gurion did not leave Israel for a single instant "throughout the whole of September and October." He is a shade too credulous about the happy integration of Oriental and European in the Israeli community. His tendency to depict every Israeli commander, bar none, as strong or handsome or electric or otherwise overpowering grows faintly comical after a bit. On the other hand, he reports with relish the boners, supply muddles, and other large-scale snafus which make the Israeli Army like any other man's army. In the main, his account has restraint, authority, and prospects of becoming a manual over which future generals around the world will long be mulling.

"One Hundred Hours to Suez" takes the reader through the plans of the classic campaign and then their execution, beginning with the daring descent of an airborne battalion 130 miles from Israeli and forty miles from the Canal, followed by coordinated assaults of foot and motorized infantry, tanks, and planes on southern, central, and coastal fronts, closing with the fall of Gaza in the northeast and of Sharm-el-Sheikh in the far south. On its way, the book offers persuasive answers to plain questions which people have been asking ever since news of the Sinai miracle broke.

As an expert, Henriques estimates Israeli training standards to be "fifty percent tougher" than those of British Commandos or American Rangers. The unifying bond of the Bible and their common history, and a keen

—Wide World.

Egyptians captured in the Sinai campaign—". . . through the nearest escape-hatch."

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awareness of the issues at stake, also led the Israeli soldiers forward. But the Egyptians helped too.

"Against more resolute troops," says the author, Israeli tactics might have brought "bloody disaster." Except for a few brave stands when there was no exit, the Egyptians abandoned monstrously fortified positions (built for them by Germans) and dived through the nearest escape-hatch at the first Israeli penetration. Marvelous incompetence in command was abetted by a chasm of contempt between officer and man. "My men are no good," shrilled one lieutenant-colonel in extenuation of his feeble resistance. In prison camps, Egyptian troops turned their backs on their former commanders. If only 202 of the 6,000 captives were officers, it was because "in the Egyptian Army it is an officer's privilege to be the first to run away." The author dryly agrees with Nasser that the Egyptians made a "successful withdrawal": they left "only their weapons, equipment, and vehicles"; many even buried their uniforms in the sand and littered the highways with their boots as they plodded across the desert in bare feet and underpants; thousands died of thirst or were murdered by Bedouin.

Henriques provides the encouraging intelligence that Egypt's many Russian-made MIGs were in some crucial ways mechanically inferior to Israel's fewer French-made Mystères. On balance, however, Egypt's weight in jet planes, big tanks, and guns should have been crushing. The reverse occurred because of monumental Egyptian ineptitude with complicated gadgets and sheer lack of appetite for encounter.

THE mystery of Egyptian air failure to respond at the first Israeli challenge—while the Israeli Air Force was kept grounded waiting to see what targets the enemy would strike—"remains unresolved except on the basis that the Egyptians are incapable of quick reaction." Once the Egyptians ventured nervously aloft, Israeli planes cancelled a deficiency of numbers by a multiplication of sorties—thanks to magnificent maintenance—which swept the opposition out of the skies. On the ground the Russian tanks were vastly stronger than Israel's Shermans—but never got in the first shot: "In tank warfare it is the first shot that counts—provided it is accurate." At sea, the hapless *Ibrahim el-Awal* revealed "strange things" on inspection after being towed into the Haifa port which five hours earlier she had been trying to bombard: none of the elementary procedures in all navies for repairing damage during combat had been practised; fires and leaks had gone uncontrolled; despite the available sickbay, the wounded had been left lying on deck, without even a first-aid dressing on them.

Israel's purpose in Sinai, Henriques believes, was not to seize territory but to defeat the Egyptian Army and its leader, to do this quickly—and thereby to persuade the Arabs that their dream of destroying Israel by force is folly. In these war aims, provoked by years of belligerence against all her frontiers, Israel brilliantly succeeded. (Henriques suggests that without Anglo-French "aid" she might have done even better.) Despite Nasser's boasts, and chest-thumping at Cairo "summit" parleys, the Arabs "have learned in their hearts" that Israel will not be conquered.

Writing before the Israelis were persuaded by Washington to quit Gaza and Aqaba, Henriques declares "they would be mad" to do so. Subsequent activities by Nasser make this madness—which was not Israel's alone—massively clear. If the U.S. had kept hands off, Israel would have won peace and security by compelling the Arabs to negotiate—and once "an Arab starts to bargain, he intends to make a deal." Having forced the Israelis out, presumably to prevent world war, the U.S. now can—and logically must—compel the Arabs to make peace, since world peace presumably depends on it. Moscow is no insuperable obstacle: the last place the Soviets would pick for a war is the remote Middle East. In a challenging conclusion, the Eisenhower Administration is invited to accept the responsibilities of the leadership it has seized.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE PURSUIT OF LOVE. *By Nancy Mitford. Modern Library.* 95¢. All about the madcap and definitely "U" Radlett family, and especially Linda whose search for love occasions one of Miss Mitford's most hilarious novels.

A READER'S GUIDE TO T. S. ELIOT. *By George Williamson. Noonday.* $1.45. A guide across the Waste Land with a poem-by-poem analysis of the works in "Collected Poems" and "Four Quartets" by a University of Chicago professor of English.

PROUST. *By Samuel Beckett. Evergreen.* $1. An early work of criticism by the author of the enigmatic "Waiting for Godot" interprets Proust and his concept of time.

THE KREUTZER SONATA. *By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Isai Kamen. Modern Library.* 95¢. The short novel which created a literary commotion in 1889 for its outspoken and discerning ideas about marriage.

CAKES AND ALE. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Pocket Books.* 25¢. A satiric novel in which barbs and darts are thrown at the entire British literary world.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *By Geoffrey Chaucer. Modern Library.* 95¢. The heroic Trojan prince and his love for a beautiful young widow in George Philip Krapp's modern English version of the classic narrative poem.

TRUE TALES FROM THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND RASCALITY. *By St. Clair McKelway. Modern Library.* 95¢. An even dozen pieces which originally appeared in the *New Yorker* about the more bizarre members of the extra-societal world.

THE DANCE OF SHIVA. *By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Noonday.* $1.45. A series of essays relating the art, religion, philosophy of India to western civilization by an Oriental art scholar and interpreter of Eastern culture.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. *By Daniel Defoe. Pocket Library.* 50¢. A quarter of a century alone on a tropical island serves to test the energies of literature's most resourceful fellow.

THE ICEMAN COMETH. *By Eugene O'Neill. Modern Library.* 95¢. Derelicts, down-and-outers, and a drummer talk lengthily about illusion and disillusion in this four act play by the Nobel- and Pulitzer-Prizewinning American playwright.

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From Penny Arcade to Culver City

"The Lion's Share," by Bosley Crowther *(Dutton. 220 pp. $5), is a history of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. SR's film critic, Arthur Knight, who reviews it here, will shortly publish a history of motion pictures.*

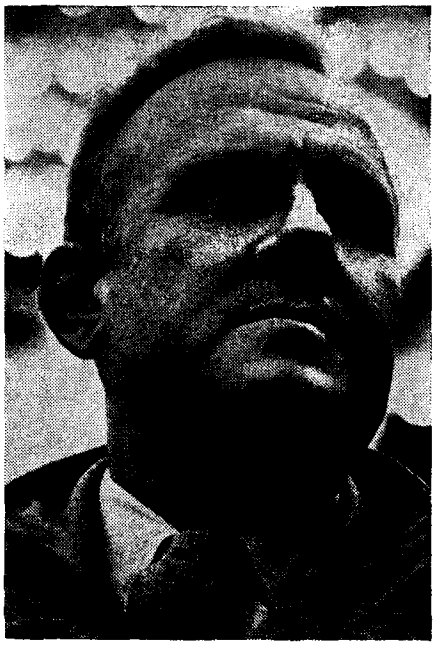
By Arthur Knight

BOSLEY CROWTHER, the distinguished film critic of *The New York Times*, has written what is, in effect, a history of the American motion picture industry even though he has chosen the tangled fortunes of one company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as the central focus to his story. "The Lion's Share," with its implicit bow to the familiar M-G-M trade mark, may not delight all the members of the higher echelons of that company. But to the reader with more than a passing interest in the forces that have shaped our nation's primary source of entertainment for over half a century, this candid, colorful account of the personalities and policies of a leading major studio will prove revealing.

For the path of Leo has crossed, at one time or another, virtually every important figure in the industry. And in tracing M-G-M's rise from peepshow to multi-million dollar enterprise, Mr. Crowther emphasizes that it followed a pattern wholly characteristic of the other motion picture companies.

And a fascinating pattern it is. The recruiting of the pioneers—keen, shrewd, instinctive showmen who flocked to the penny arcades from East Side tenements—is summarized in the career of Marcus Loew. Men like Loew, Adolph Zukor, Louis B. Mayer, and William Fox learned about movies the hard way. Operating their own little theatres, they were in immediate contact with audiences. Perceptive of what pleased, they grew with the industry, expanding their theatre holdings into large chains and circuits. And sooner or later, one after the other was literally forced into the production of films to keep their theatres supplied with product.

"Product" is a word that recurs with alarming frequency throughout Mr. Crowther's book. As the industry grew, as the business of exhibition,



Bosley Crowther—"candid . . . account."

distribution, and production became amalgamated into vast corporate entities, the need for quality was subordinated to the need for quantity—for "program pictures" from the studios that would keep their affiliated houses grinding away week after week.

Nevertheless, within this restrictive framework, an amazing number of memorable films was produced. Credit for these must inevitably go to the stars, the writers, the directors and—perhaps above all—those few creative producers like Irving Thalberg who were able to make their mark despite "the system." Nowhere has the contribution of Thalberg, that youthful genius of M-G-M, been recorded more completely or sympathetically. The shadowy contribution of the man behind the scenes whose sensitivity and skill can transform a merely good picture into an excellent one is made amply clear when Mr. Crowther shows us Thalberg at work on "The Sin of Madeleine Claudet" or with the Marx Brothers on "A Night at the Opera."

OF LOUIS B. MAYER, the executive head of the M-G-M studio during the years of its greatest prosperity, Mr. Crowther is more restrained in his admiration. Not that he is openly critical; but in his selection of anecdotes revealing the man at work, the picture that emerges is less than flattering. Mayer had a real feeling for star material, and by the end of the Twenties his studio boasted that it had "more stars than there are in heaven." A sentimental man, he championed the production of pictures that could make him weep—and, in such pictures as "The Champ," the world wept with him. But the standards of World War I, when Mayer entered production, were scarcely the standards of the Thirties; and Mayer, in his arrogance and pride, refused to admit these changes. Through the depths of the Depression, M-G-M remained the leading producer of "escapist" entertainment.

Dore Schary is more clearly Mr. Crowther's kind of man—and again, a man typical of the new blood that has revitalized the industry in the years since the War. A writer who worked his way up through the ranks and knows his business thoroughly, an intellectual aware of the social responsibility of motion pictures as a cultural force, Schary was brought into M-G-M by Mayer to take charge of the physical production of films. Mayer soon had cause to regret his choice.

Schary insisted upon an independence of action that Mayer was reluctant to grant. And to Mayer's chagrin, the New York office—headed by Nicholas Schenck—backed Schary. The vicissitudes that led to Schary's own dismissal as recently as a few months ago form the closing pages of "The Lion's Share."

It is fitting that the book end, as did Lillian Ross's "Picture," back in New York, where company policies are shaped and set. For while we may like to think of movies as the product of individuals contributing their artistry and skill to each finished work, the fact remains that pictures are—and must be—produced to make money. It is this facet of film production, the relation of the art to the industry, that "The Lion's Share" illuminates so well.

Moreover, while Mr. Crowther has surrounded this with a vast amount of lively gossip and colorful anecdote, he has never lost sight of his central purpose, to reveal the interplay of personalities—both artistic and managerial—responsible for the kind of movies that we see.

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The Actor Incarnate

"Beerbohm Tree: His Life and Laughter," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper. 240 pp. $3.75), is a biography of the famous Victorian actor-manager. Professor William W. Appleton of Columbia reviews it.*

By William W. Appleton

"THE stage is crowded with ghosts," Max Beerbohm once wrote. As drama critic of London's *Saturday Review*, the elegant Max felt a twinge of dismay as he contemplated the piles of theatrical memoirs accumulating on his desk. "Why these desperate raids on oblivion?" he asked. And Sir Max was, for the most part, right. Most theatrical anecdotes fade faster than souvenir photographs. Theatre-goers with long memories exasperate us more often than they entertain us. But Sir Max would not have taken such exception to theatrical memoirs, one suspects, if they had matched in liveliness Hesketh Pearson's study of his half-brother, the Victorian actor-manager, Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. Pearson's biography benefits, in the first place, from his wide knowledge of nineteenth-century England and his previous studies of Wilde and Shaw. While he has drawn considerably from the garland of essays collected by Sir Max in tribute to his half-brother, Pearson has turned as well to unpublished private papers, diaries, and notebooks, and has supplemented his study with a highly entertaining chapter of personal reminiscences of the great actor.

But, more importantly, he has the benefit of a first-rate subject. Beerbohm Tree interests us as a personality. The fact that he happened to be an actor is a matter of secondary importance. Most theatrical figures who have survived have done so in spite of their profession rather than because of it. While capable of imaginative and sensitive performances, Tree played himself to perfection, to the anguish of playwrights and the delight of audiences. "He was anathema," wrote Shaw, "to major authors." Shaw meant, of course, Shaw. As Henry Higgins in the original production of "Pygmalion," Tree insisted on interpolating lamentably un-Shavian business. (At the end of the play he signalled the change in his intentions by tossing flowers to Eliza.) And like the Eliza of "My Fair Lady" Shaw yearned for 'Enry 'Iggins' 'Ead. But Tree never allowed a mere playwright to ruffle his composure or his wit. "I should be delighted to pay his funeral expenses at any time," he observed cheerfully.

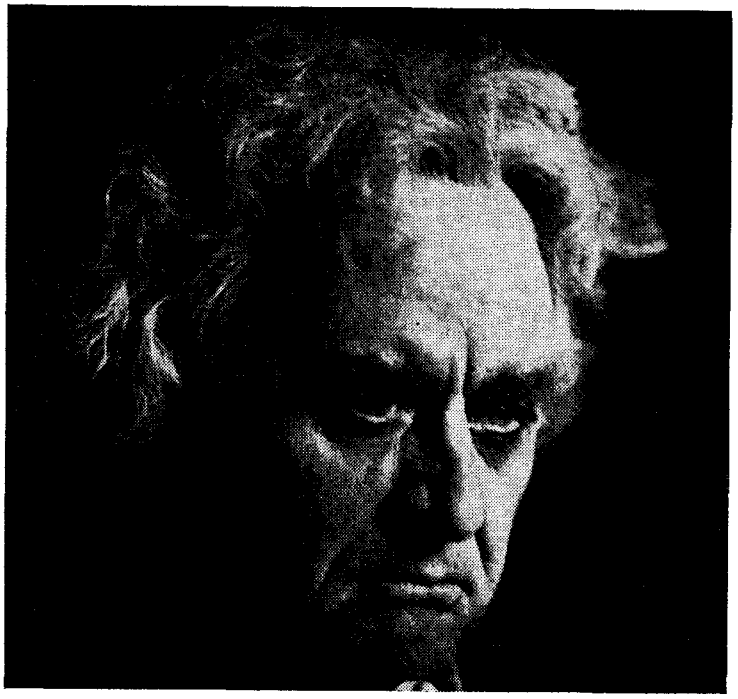
Such sallies enliven these pages at every turn. Tree had something of Wilde's capacity for neat inversions: "Everything comes to him who doesn't wait." He was capable of those outrageous puns so dear to the Victorians. To an actor playing Caesar, who protested when ordered to lie on a draughty stage—"What will people say if the corpse sneezes?"—Tree replied blandly, "They will call you Julius Cnaesar." The vein of fantasy that ran through his conversation recalled Edward Lear more often than King Lear.

BUT the box-office receipts at His Majesty's Theatre indicate that his eccentric manner cloaked a highly practical nature. He was careful to surround himself with as strong a cast as possible. As he confesses in his "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," he catered deliberately to the Victorians' passion for stage panoply. His "Midsummer Night's Dream" featured real rabbits nibbling stage grass; a full-rigged ship foundered in "The Tempest."

If his productions of Shakespeare savored of a De Mille sound stage rather than Shakespeare's "Wooden O," Tree could only point out that he lured into the theatre playgoers otherwise insensitive to Shakespeare. His own style of acting, as Pearson describes it, had curious affinities to the current "method." If he was incapable of stepping out of his own character, he was incapable as well of giving a false or a stale performance.

In minor respects one can quarrel with Mr. Pearson's work. His bibliography is notably, perhaps deliberately, casual. He makes only elliptical reference to Tree's private life. He is capable of curious generalizations. It seems no more tenable to call Tree "the father of the repertory movement in England," than to call him "the first of the really *intelligent* actor-managers." He is guilty of occasional stylistic lapses: "Immediately after the performance he sprang into a hansom cab dressed as Iago . . ." But these are minor flaws in a study bound to be widely read and enjoyed. As Tree blithely commented when a friend spoke slightingly of his performance as Hamlet, "But it's a good part, isn't it?"

Who could resist such a man, or, for that matter, such a book?



Beerbohm Tree—". . . played himself to perfection."

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The Beautiful and Damned

***"Too Much, Too Soon," by Diana Barrymore with Gerold Frank** (Holt. 380 pp. $3.95), is the autobiography of John Barrymore's daughter.*

By Allen Churchill

MISS DIANA BARRYMORE, daughter of John Barrymore and Michael Strange, has chosen to title her lurid autobiography "Too Much, Too Soon," but sensitive readers will feel that it might better be called Too Little, Too Long.

Miss Barrymore, whose father left home when she was a tot, got a poor deal in life. Growing up, she was surrounded by luxury but nothing else. It was her misfortune to be the daughter of a titanically self-centered mother. Michael Strange—we suspect—had no talent, but was determined to prove to the world that she did. All through Diana's childhood, Miss Strange was locked in a cluttered room furiously writing blank verse. If Diana tried to approach, she was irritably chased away. When a finishing school psychiatrist sent for Diana's mother to discuss the girl's visible unhappiness, Miss Strange dispatched her new husband, Harrison Tweed, instead. When John Barrymore and Dolores Costello suggested that Diana spend a summer with them, Miss Strange haughtily refused—Hollywood folk were common, even if one was an ex-husband.

In its early sections Miss Barrymore's autobiography resembles not so much Lillian Roth's "I'll Cry Tomorrow"—she has the same collaborator, Gerold Frank—as the published story of Damon Runyon, Jr., whose illustrious parent was similarly uncomprehending of children. As Diana grew to become a glamour deb, she was beautiful and sought after. Soon she had commenced earning a total of $250,000 in Hollywood, where she first really encountered her father, who was dying. Because she seemed so enviable, and possessed the sharp Barrymore tongue, no one in Hollywood tried to be helpful to her, either. She had been an actress for ten years when Tallulah Bankhead undertook to give her some tips on stage make-up. Diana nearly collapsed with gratitude. "It was the first time anyone had ever tried to help me," she writes.

As has been much touted in advance of this book, Miss Barrymore found a refuge in alcohol and, like her father, was "alternately sentimental and belligerent when drunk." Usually it was belligerent and some of her battles with males found their way to tabloid headlines. With her third husband she was reduced to stealing food from super-markets.

What makes Miss Barrymore's book depressing over-all is not such scenes of degradation as the fact that apparently she has been unable to give real thought to her problem. Nowhere is there an inkling that she has achieved even the elementary realization that lonely, neglected children often turn to self-hate. This is a bare, sensational narrative, studded with the names of Broadway and Hollywood celebrities in unflattering situations. But so far in life Miss Barrymore has gotten little except money. The pity is that now, with the magazine and movie sale of "Too Much, Too Soon," she has a lot more of that.

THESPIANS IN THE COUNTRY: Producing a show on Broadway is child's play compared to managing a summer theatre, according to Charlotte Harmon and Rosemary Taylor, co-authors of the recent **"Broadway in a Barn"** (Crowell, $3.50). Based on Mrs. Harmon's experiences as co-producer (along with her husband, Lewis) of the Chapel Playhouse in Guilford, Conn., and later of another theatre in nearby Clinton, this breezy, but not always benevolent book is full of such un-Broadwayish complications as trying to outwit the Yankee trading impulses of a local judge who wanted to sell the theatre out from under them or having to give lectures on sex to the boys and girls who served as summer apprentices.

But the worst for the Harmons was having to cope with the stars they hired. Some like Sarah Churchill and Shirley Booth were perfectly cooperative, but others like Ruth Chatterton and Shelly Winters threatened not to appear at the eleventh hour unless sets were repainted or contracts renegotiated. Helmut Dantine didn't arrive in Guildford until twenty minutes before curtain time while John Barrymore, Jr., created such a fuss that the Harmons filed charges against him at Actors Equity, the theatrical union.

Intermingled with these tales of thespian temperament are some sidelights on the summer theatre business which ought to interest stage-struck youths and future producers as well as those who are always asking whether the food the actors eat on stage is real or not. —E. P. MONROE.

Diana Barrymore—". . . beautiful and sought after."

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Of Man's Confinement

"The Collected Poems of Kathleen Raine" *(Random House. 175 pp. $3.50), is a selection of verse from four previously published books by a British poet. May Swenson, our reviewer, is the author of "Another Animal: Poems" and other volumes.*

By May Swenson

ON THE same day that I began reading Kathleen Raine's "Collected Poems," I saw these lines in an article by L. V. Berckner in the *New York Times Magazine*: "We are confined on the earth's surface in a thin lamination between the insulating atmosphere overhead and the solid, almost impenetrable earth underfoot."

Man's confinement, in life and in death, to his narrow dimension in the universe is, paradoxically, both refuted and confirmed in this British poet's work. Here, by nature's scale, we measure no more than stone or flower, bird or fish and, as for our instrument of consciousness, as Miss Raine says, "Death,/and it is broken . . ." But she counters this with: "It may be that soul extends/Organs of sense/Turned to waves here scarcely heard . . . The supersonic voices of angels reach us/Even now, and we touch one another/Sometimes, in love, with hands that are not hands,/With immaterial substance, with a body/Of interfusing thought . . ."

Of some hundred poems she has selected from four pervious books, many appear to stem from metaphysical speculations on birth, death, and immortality. This not without assessment of scientific findings; Miss Raine is evidently knowledgeable in fields of botany, zoology, astronomy; yet her poems often show her as probing, with implements of imagination and faith, into impalpable areas of the soul's being, becoming and re-becoming. She has said, "If I live to be old (she is now forty-nine), I would wish to study Vedantic and Buddhist philosophy . . ." That she is Roman Catholic, and a thorough student of Blake is also corroborated by the bent of her poetics.

Her most audacious and eloquent statement, it seems to me, is the six-part "Northumbrian Sequence" from her latest volume, "The Year One." It is a supreme duel between the ego and death. "As sleeper wakes from sleep, I wake from waking," she says, and the poem attempts to reconcile the stiff strands of objective fact with the intuitive longings of the "Spirit ascending and descending between grave and sky." A mind that has examined and painfully let go all false alternatives, finally consents to its inundation and reabsorption into All-Mind; it asks to enter the rings that spiral out into the universe, insisting upon a self-inclusion there, crying that it has always had being, even "before the beginning"; then, in the ending stanzas, this mind confesses, as it honestly must, that after-existence is unknown. Although that unknown is all but unbearable—"How can my fearful heart conceive/Gigantic solitude?"—it has prepared, by means of the poem, to bear it. "The power that overflows and shatters every form/Calls on death to come, to break the imperfect mould;" she then demands her own erasure, her vanishment into the realm of Non-Being.

In other visionary poems ("Three Poems of Illusion," "This Body of Death") her language is employed directly, as a scope (tele-, micro-, stetho-) for purposes of clearest apprehension and exposition, so that, despite some good metaphors, we hear the researcher's voice perhaps above that of the poet's, and in these we feel a lack of form; they are impassioned essays set up as verse. This reader prefers her terse, more formal modes, where the simplest, familiar nature symbols are made significant by their placing and surrounding. in which a music of phonetics is created, the casual rhymes made to occure inside the lines at the stress of the voice: "The Moment," "Spell of Safekeeping." Others I would single out for special love are: "Cattle Dream," "Air" ("Element that utters doves, angels and cleft flames") "The Pythoness," "Quenching the Red," "Spell to Bring Lost Creatures Home," "The Victims," and "The World," which reads:

It burns in the void,
Nothing upholds it.
Still it travels.

Travelling the void
Upheld by burning
Nothing is still.

Burning it travels.
The void upholds it.
Still it is nothing.

Nothing it travels
A burning void
Upheld by stillness.

LYRICS AND OTHERS: Take these stanzas from "Chart 1203," one of the poems in Philip Booth's **"Letter From a Distant Land"** (Viking, $3):

Where echoes drift, where the
blind groundswell

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MUSICAL ARMCHAIRS

Here are the titles of ten novels based on musical careers. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, asks you to identify the authors (Column Two) and the subjects (Column Three). Key Column Three on Column One. Answers on page 35.

1. "Beyond Desire"	( ) Elliott Arnold	( ) Bix Beiderbecke
2. "Bitter Glory"	( ) Dorothy Baker	( ) Frédéric Chopin
3. "Deep in My Heart"	( ) Z. Harsanyi	( ) Chopin and George Sand
4. "Immortal Franz"	( ) Manuel Komroff	( ) Lilli Lehmann
5. "The Last Love of Camille"	( ) Pierre LaMure	( ) Franz Liszt
6. "The Magic Bow"	( ) Arthur Meeker	( ) Liszt and Camille
7. "Polonaise"	( ) Eleanor Painter	( ) Felix Mendelssohn
8. "Spring Symphony"	( ) Guy de Portales	( ) Paganini
		( ) Sigmund Romberg
9. "Vestal Virgin"	( ) Leon Thornber	
10. "Young Man with a Horn"	( ) Frances Winwar	( ) Robert and Clara Schumann

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clangs an iron bell, his fish-hook hand
keeps steady on the helm. He weathers rainsquall,

linestorm, fear, who bears away from the sound
of sirens wooing him in the cape's safe lee.
He knows the ghostship bow, the sudden headland

immanent in fog; but where rocks wander, he
steers down the channel that his courage
dredges. He knows the chart is not the sea.

Now there is a lyrical poem rounding off to a conclusion. But a *conclusion*! The poem doesn't just stop, it concludes. Bangs instead of whimpers.

Philip Booth should be encouraged; God bless him, he writes like a man. Moreover, he writes like a witty one; his poem "Shag," on cormorants, is delightfully funny. And there is a fine tenderness in "First Lesson":

Lie back, daughter, let your head
be tipped back in the cup of my hand . . .
. . . As you float now, where I held you
and let go, remember when fear
cramps your heart what I told you:
lie gently and wide to the light-year
stars, lie back, and the sea will hold you.

To be sure, there is some chaff in the book. Some of the lines in the poem "Original Sequence," for instance, are simply bad verse. "Was not sure what he was after" is one of them. (It doesn't even rhyme with laughter.) Again, in "Green Song":

The dogtooth steeps deep yellow
in deep shade. Dandelions sun
the lawn, last week's ponds are shallow . . .

the iambic of the preceding stanzas is violated for the sake of a rhyme. The reader, or speaker, fallen flat on his face over these lines, may understand the choice but cannot approve it, particularly when the slightest changes would have made it work both ways.

My guess is that the poor lines are of an earlier vintage, and that so is a certain recurrent tendency to phrase-make, *i.e.*, "torrent of my need," in places that blur the focus of the poem as a whole.

If I had more space, I would give it to the lovely lyrics, "Siasconset Song," "Instruction in the Art," and "Identification." They are the work of a poet. —PETER KANE DUFAULT.

THE SEA

The Lure of Salt Water

Reviews of a Baker's Dozen of Maritime Books Introduced by Felix Riesenberg, Jr.

SINCE the start of World War II about thirty million Americans have crossed blue water to foreign beachheads, battlefields, and tourist resorts. Confident from their varying lengths of service in troop transports, warships, merchantmen, landing craft, and aboard passenger vessels that there is nothing so very baffling about the way of a ship or the life of the sailor, these new enthusiasts have given impetus to the yacht and outboard industries. Yet with it all they remain landsmen in their thinking, reactions, and attitudes for they are neither shackled nor dedicated to the ships; they have discovered a clarity to replace the gloomy picture of hardships, regrets, and small rewards seen for centuries by professional seafarers.

This synthetic image of the sea has created a demand for writing that can be readily understood by readers to whom things maritime are either part of a dimming past or an avocation. Like the TV fight fans the neophyte salts have sufficient knowledge so that the scene can be regarded as established.

This spring a score of new books continue the pattern set after V-J Day: more stories of World War II with the emphasis shifted to operations of the enemy; tales of catastrophe; further attempts to penetrate below the surface; histories, recent and remote; and new accounts of away-from-it-all adventures.

FOLLOWING a trend that had grown strong by last year, there are new books on German naval vessels and a history of the Japanese Navy. A natural market for these books, and earlier volumes about the activities of U-Boats, E-Boats, and armed raiders, is among professional seamen, but that alone does not explain their wide sale. There are thousands of men who are more interested in the vicarious thrill of the hunter and the hunted than in naval tactics. The tales of the U-Boats and raiders evoke sympathy for the underdog; the people aboard are not Nazis but former officers and enlisted men in the Imperial German Navy who show skill, daring, and kindness as they perform a reluctant duty; the poor devils who are blasted without warning seem somehow to be inanimate targets. When overwhelming British or American forces bag their quarry the reader feels almost as sad as he would if the Sheriff of Nottingham ever caught up with Robin Hood.

MORE ABOUT THE *ATLANTIS*: In the recent surge of books that give sympathetic, admiration-for-the-underdog treatment to our enemies in the last World War, Bernhard Rogge and Wolfgang Frank's **"The German Raider *Atlantis*"** (Ballantine, $3; paperbound, 35¢) is the second volume devoted to the armed merchant cruiser which is as widely publicized today as Count Felix von Luckner's *Seeadler* was forty odd years ago. More authoritative than "Ship 16" by Ulrich Mohr, one of the raider's officers [*SR*, Dec. 29, 1956], Captain Rogge's account is a first-rate true adventure yarn, full of the suspense that was the lot of those aboard the *Hilfskreuzer* as she prowled the southern oceans for two years, sinking twenty-two Allied ships of 144,500 tons.

Fourteen long weeks in drydock were required to give the *Atlantis* every fitting necessary for quick conversion to resemble any of a number of neutral cargo ships.

Under cover of bad weather, and using two disguises, she steamed

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north, then west above the Arctic Circle and finally down into the Atlantic through Denmark Strait and around Good Hope in May 1940. Ready to hunt along the Capetown-Freetown route, the raider was camouflaged to resemble the Japanese *Kasil Maru* and the meticulous Germans paid careful attention to detail:

> Bespectacled dark-haired ratings, wearing white head-scarfs and shirts outside their trousers, could be seen moving about the decks. A "woman" was pushing a pram; on the boat deck six "Japanese passengers" lay in deck chairs.

The *Atlantis* and her sister raiders depended on surprise. The unsuspecting victim was approached until the raider's guns would bear; if the ship did not immediately heave-to after a shot across her bow, or attempted to send a *QQQQ*, she was shelled. The *Atlantis* sometimes used an inadequate plane not only for spotting but to silence the merchant ship's radio by use of a grapnel and machine gun fire. Most of the captured ships were sunk; several were made prizes of war to be sent home or to neutral ports with prisoners.

The *Atlantis* was finally caught by H.M.S. *Devonshire* in the South Atlantic while she was refueling a U-boat. Captain Rogge and most of his crew managed to reach home after a remarkable 1,000-mile voyage in open boats and submarines and ends his account with the hint that he was "double-crossed." What appears to be continuing British Admiralty censorship attempts to refute the thought with an "other side" appendix on the *Atlantis* sinking. —F. R., Jr.

END OF THE GRAF SPEE: Of World War II sea battles, probably none generated more suspense and news interest than the dramatic fight between the German pocket battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee,* and three British cruisers, the *Achilles, Ajax,* and *Exeter.* At that time (December 13, 1939) Germany's fortunes in Europe were high, the Allies' at a rather low ebb. For the latter the action off the River Plate served as a psychological shot in the arm.

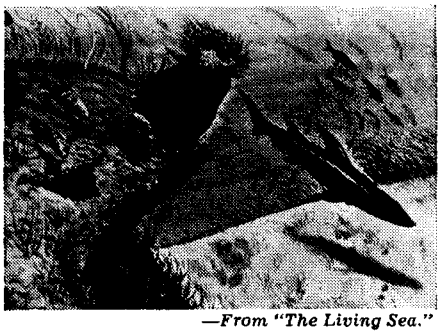
The German ship, with its heavy armor and 11-inch guns, had a formidable record as a lone wolf raider. "Twenty powerful ships in nine hunting groups were eventually hunting the *Graf Spee*—and all but a few of them had to be withdrawn from other theatres of operations where they were badly needed." It took the three British cruisers to corner the *Spee* in the end.

In **"Graf Spee: The Life and Death of a Raider"** (Lippincott, $3.95) Dudley Pope does a splendid job of recounting the furious fight off Uruguay. But even with all his impressive research and new documentation he leaves certain questions unanswered. Why, when the *Graf Spee* had virtually knocked out the *Exeter,* did it not finish off the British ship? Why did the *Spee* break off an engagement that was going well and take flight for Montevideo? Only Captain Langsdorff could furnish answers, and he is dead. The scuttling of the *Graf Spee* and Langsdorff's suicide provided a *Goetterdaemmerung* ending for this drama of the seas, forecasting the ruin of the Third Reich four and a half years later.—Henry C. Wolfe.

GRAF SPEE, VERSION TWO: Still another version of the *Graf Spee* affair is offered in **"Death in the South Atlantic"** (Rinehart, $3.95), by movie producer Michael Powell who, with Emerich Pressburger, wrote and produced the film "The Battle of the River Plate." Powell is partly responsible for the success of such films as "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," and "Black Narcissus," so it is no surprise that this minute-by-minute account of the famous engagement makes exciting reading. The book moves through the story in scenes that have a vivid cinematic quality, and at the same time pays full attention to the niceties of naval tactics and diplomatic strategy that drove the *Graf Spee* to flaming suicide just outside of neutral Uruguayan harbor.—Thomas E. Cooney.

ON TRAIL OF THE U-BOATS: Yet another phase of the war at sea is covered by Captain Donald Macintyre, RN, in **"U-Boat Killer"** (Norton, $3.75). Macintyre had already had many years of experience as a destroyer officer when the war broke out, and was naturally fitted by training and aggressive temperament to become one of Britain's most successful anti-submarine captains in the convoy lanes of the Western Approaches. The captain recounts the tactics of dozens of U-boat hunts, many of them successful, and conveys a good deal of the mixed atmosphere of boredom, fatigue, and excitement that surrounded life in the rough-riding corvettes, frigates, and destroyers on which the burden of most of this warfare fell. —T. E. C.

RISE AND FALL OF THE JAPANESE NAVY: The growth of the Japanese war machine in little more than half a century from medieval beginnings to a peak of European efficiency astounded the Russians in 1906 and, in the true sense of the word, surprised the Americans in 1941. Perhaps the most amazing part of that machine was the superb Japanese Navy, intelligently officered, well designed, and employed with daring and brilliance in such engagements as Pearl Harbor, Savo Island, and the operations supporting the invasion of Malaya, New Guinea, and Java. In **"Death of a Navy"** (Devin-Adair, $5.50), French naval captain Andrieu d'Albas traces the brief rise of this fleet at the beginning of the war, and then its long decline under the weight of superior American strength and the tactical caution which defeat imposed on the Japanese admirals. The book is a systematic, battle-by-battle account, written primarily for the layman, but containing enough detailed information about tactics to interest the professional. Admiral Robert A. Theobald, USN, who has his own views about Pearl Harbor, has added some notes giving an American view on some of the battles. —T. E. C.



—From "The Living Sea."

". . . marvels of the sea."

WEALTH for the taking—from the holds of gold-ladened ships that rest on the ocean floor—is the first thought evoked by a book that goes below the surface even though the authors may be in search of nothing more than knowledge. Since the publication of Rachel Carlson's best-seller "The Sea Around Us" there has been a flood of books on the unknown underseas and the appeal is almost exclusively to landsmen; centuries of fear have confined the sailor's interest to the onshore depth of the water and the character of the bottom.

WHAT LIVES IN THE SEA: John Crompton's **"The Living Sea"** (Doubleday, $3.50) has little of the poetic reverence that we found in Rachel Carson's book, but it imparts pleasant, discursive, sometimes humorous flavor to its ramblings over geology, marine biology, and some of man's more significant intrusions into the world of water. In Mr. Crompton's book the sea is "living" not in a metaphorical sense as some vast en-

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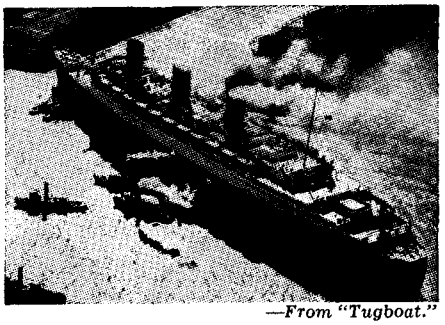
tity, but in the more prosaic sense of being full of living creatures, and it is on these beings, from plankton to whale, that he concentrates.

—T. E. C.



—*From "Tugboat."*

Tugs easing the *Queen Mary* to her pier.

THE cold accounts of ships sunk and lives lost in World War II, which led to the minute-by-minute reconstruction of the Titanic *and* Lusitania *founderings, are now being followed with an emphasis on rescue in factual stories that show man battling desperately against the sea. An underlying lure from the business point of view is the financial gain of salvage.*

RESCUE TUG: Among the most seaworthy ships in the world are the high-bowed, broad-beamed powerful sea-going tugs that tow broken down ships into port and huge sea-going drydocks half way around the world. One of the greatest exploits of these tugs was the job of the rescue tug *Turmoil* that almost succeeded in towing Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen's *Flying Enterprise* into Falmouth. **"Rescue Tug,"** by Ewart Brookes (Dutton, $3.50), gives the history of the development of these sturdy craft, and climaxes that history with a seamanlike presentation of the actions of Carlsen, of Dancy, the tug officer who leaped aboard the *Enterprise* to help the lone Carlsen handle the tow line, and of Captain Parker of the *Turmoil*, who hated the sea, but learned to fight it.

—T. E. C.

SEA MYSTERIES: The Captain Parker of "Rescue Tug" figures in two of the stories in Robert de la Croix's **"Mysteries of the Sea"** (John Day, $3.50), which adds the *Flying Enterprise* exploit to the usual collections of maritime puzzlers, including, inevitably, yet another version of the *Mary Celeste* story. De la Croix is a merchant marine officer, a Breton native, and a poet, so his book has considerably more flavor and authenticity than such anthologies usually have.

—T. E. C.

PEACETIME CONVOY: Though uneventful voyages are pleasantest for owners and masters of ships, voyages where nothing ever seems to go right are more likely to interest the world. Kenneth Ainslie's **"Pacific Ordeal"** (Norton, $3.75) is about a voyage so badly planned and begun that in all logic everything could only go wrong; and how nevertheless one man, by virtue of courage and skill and patience and love of calling, brought ship and shipmates through. It is a fascinating and edifying story, and unusual, too, for the vast voyage it tells of concerns not a single ship but a peacetime convoy: a tug and four tows.

In 1947 Captain Ainslie's employers bought the *Wallace R. Gray* in Norfolk, Va., and asked him to bring her out to Manila, P. I. They told him it would be a holiday cruise. But they did not say that the tug would have in tow four decommissioned wooden minesweepers, and that in fact the formation was already at sea. Ainslie was to take command when it reached the Panama Canal. So it was in Cristobal Bay that the Captain first saw the 900-ton lady and her brood. Going on board he discovered a dirty, ill-found, unhappy ship. The crew was green. Worst of all, the tow rig was weak.

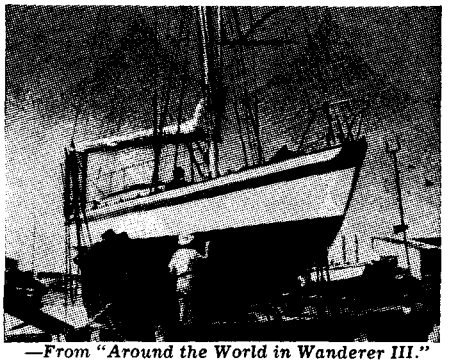
He patched up the tow gear as best he could, cleaned and provisioned the tug, and began the instruction of inexperienced hands. Halfway to Palmyra Island, a speck in the ocean 1,000 miles south of Hawaii, where supplies of fuel oil awaited the *Gray*, the tow lines played out. A spare line was fumbled by the crew and went to the bottom. The tows broke loose. Days and weeks were lost in makeshift repairs. When fuel ran low, Ainslie improvised sails for the big-funneled tug, and thereby gained half a knot. But finally the delays proved too much. When only 200 miles from Palmyra, the Captain had to slip the tow in order to run to the island for oil. Half a mile from Palmyra reef his tanks went dry.

This really great Captain drove ship and crew, but most of all, himself. After one of the longest and toughest voyages of its kind on record, he delivered the *Gray* and half the tow. In the Philippines he said goodbye to a "band of men who . . . finished up as seamen with whom I would not hesitate to ship again."

—Walter Teller Magnes.

TALES OF THE TUGS: Back in the middle years of the last century, a young Irish immigrant named Michael Moran walked the towpaths of the Erie Canal, and as he did dreamed of some day owning his own boat. In time, this crystallized into a desire to own a towboat or, as most of us call it, a tugboat. Those were days of real opportunity and soon Michael, a young man possessed of much intelligence and quiet drive, began buying craft around New York Harbor, to begin the Moran tugboat fleet which, with the giant M on smokestacks, is so familiar to transatlantic voyagers. Each of the many Moran tugboats is, incredibly, named for a member of the large and industrious family and in **"Tugboat: The Moran Story"** (Scribners, $5.95), Eugene F. Moran, the current patriarch, tells (with Louis Reid) the story of the growth of the dynasty. Anyone who believes that all nautical adventure takes place on the high seas will be surprised and delighted by this volume. Moran tugs have often ventured out of New York port, especially in wartime, and in so doing have played a part in most of the great sea sagas along the eastern seaboard. But they have also played a vital part in every event over the last hundred years in New York harbor. When, for instance, the *Stockholm* limped home after last summer's collision with the *Andrea Doria*, the *Alice M. Moran* and three other company tugs assisted her into berth. The snub-nosed tugboats are individualistic craft, and so are the men who man them. One agreeable non-conformist was Captain Daniel Anglim, who when he became the company's chief dispatcher insisted in a technocratic age on shouting his orders through a megaphone from the balcony of the harborside Moran office. His human voice worked every bit as well as short-wave or inter-com. But the greatest of the individualists were the Morans themselves. Messrs. Moran and Reid here tell a story that smacks of harbor smells and all the great excitement that is to be found in the development of a mighty modern port. The illustrations, old and new, are excellent.

—Allen Churchill.



—*From "Around the World in Wanderer III."*

". . . people abandon the highways."

ANOTHER category of sea tale that is in the province of the amateur sailor is the account of a voyage in

(*Continued on page* 32)

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A King's Failure

"The Strangled Queen," by Maurice Druon *(translated by Humphrey Ware. Scribners. 213 pp. $3.50), is an instructive report in the form of fiction on Louis the Self-Willed, whose reign of France was brief but in the long run quite disastrous.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

DURING the latter part of 1956, there appeared a short historical novel which was certainly not in the pattern of those which are currently being offered in such great numbers. It was by a French author, Marcel Druon; it was entitled, "The Iron King"; and it was announced as the first of a series, "The Accursed Kings," dealing with the French monarchy. It told the story of the latter part of the reign of Philip the Fair (Philip IV, 1285-1314), and although it was filled with dramatic incidents and at least one romance of the more popular sort, it is plain that M. Druon's principal interest lay in giving us a classroom historical lecture on the man whom Funck-Brentano described "as one of the greatest kings and noblest characters in history." It might be added that, as dealt with by M. Druon, Philip was certainly great, but "noble" is not an adjective that many would apply to him.

Now, in "The Strangled Queen," the French novelist continues his study with a professorial manner that is even more evident than in the first book of the series. "The modern man," he says, fixing us with his pointer, "when he tries to imagine the Middle Ages, generally believes that he must make a terrific imaginative effort." Then, like a good lecturer, he proceeds to make the effort for us. He does so with considerable success.

But although his portrayals and his reconstructions are as effective as they were in "The Iron King," and perhaps even more so, the book does not have the same importance as its predecessor. If it were purely a novel, this would not be so; for in that area failure is often better raw material than success is. But as part of French history, the insignificant, brief reign of Louis the Self-Willed (it lasted only from 1314-1316) is only worth noting as showing how fast the well-being of a nation can disintegrate when strong rule is replaced by weak.

Louis was a weak ruler just as he was a weak, unmanly, incomplete human being; and since behind this weakness lay a stubborn petulance, he did great damage. Because he wanted to rid himself of his imprisoned, adulterous wife, Marguerite of Burgundy (she is "The Strangled Queen") so that he could marry the beautiful Clémence of Hungary and of Naples whom he had never seen, he undid all of his father's mighty work, decentralized the government, handed back their powers to the feudal, warring—and outdated—barons; and paved the way for the ending of the Capet dynasty and the rise to power of the Valois.

HOW he did this—and the warped processes of his mind that made it seem the easiest, if not the best, thing to do—is the subject of a novel that makes something that happened more than six hundred years ago alive and understandable instead of textbook dull. Incidentally, the things Louis X destroyed had to be done over again and they were by Louis XI (King Spider) 150 years later. Since the curse that gives the series its title was to last for thirteen generations, maybe we will hear about it in a later book.

—Culver.

Louis X—". . . insignificant, brief reign."

DULY NOTED: "Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles," by Nigel Balchin (Rinehart, $3.50), is a collection of short stories revolving about the imperturbable Uncle Charles, who is equally adept at handling neurotic dogs and unpredictable women. Mr. Balchin is at top form in these wry stories that, for variety of situations and deviltry, rank with the season's finest.

"The Flying Fox," by Mary McMinnies (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), picks apart the lives of a group of English colonials living in a not-too-friendly Malaya environment. Bored to distraction they talk endlessly about inconsequentials, do a bit of smuggling, indulge in narcissistic self-observations, and barely keep their heads above a sea of liquor. A mild brew for special tastes.

"The Cruel Cocks," by Garland Roark (Doubleday, $3.75), describes a young Louisiana bayou boy's obsession with a gamecock. Freedom comes for him only when the bird meets death in the ring. Mr. Roark neatly catches the "artistic" and sadistic elements in the drama of cocker tourneys and explains how the fighters are trained.

"Tunes of Glory," by James Kennaway (Harper, $3), is a portrait of that species of soldier who refuses to fade away into retirement. In fact *rum*bunctious Colonel Jock Sinclair, commander of a Scottish Highland Regiment, outrageously survives his more polished successor. Scottish writer Kennaway's characters have a roguish charm.

"Along the Arno," by Brian Glanville (Crowell, $3.50), probes into an avant-garde colony of exiles living, loving, and working in the atmosphere of beauty and poverty that shrouds Italy's Florence. English journalist Glanville manages to mix sympathy with realism to recreate a cocoon-like, fragile world.

"Spring List," by Ralph Arnold (Macmillan, $2.95), describes, tongue-in-cheek, a chase after the war-memoirs of Sir Alured Flower by competing editors. Mr. Arnold, a British publisher, reveals preciously few trade secrets in this jolly cup of tea.

"Night of Fire and Snow," by Alfred Coppel (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), is a psychological novel about a writer named Mike Rinehart, whose ego seems to rise in proportion to the crudity of his relationships with women. As a clinical study of a social behavior this novel has its points; as literature it leaves much to be desired.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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FINE ARTS

A Chinese Look at Nature

***"The Tao of Painting," by Mai-Mai Sze** (Pantheon. 2 vols. 748 pp. $25), reproduces some of the finest examples of the art inspired by the sixth-century Chinese philosopher Lao-tse and discusses the factors that went into its creation. Our reviewer, Jane Gaston-Mahler, is assistant professor of fine arts at Columbia University.*

By Jane Gaston-Mahler

ONE of the handsomest books on an Oriental subject to make its appearance this year, Mai-Mai Sze's "The Tao of Painting" deserves to be greeted with a fanfare. It is an event of real importance in the history of art, philosophy, and man's understanding of his fellow man.

Mai-Mai Sze has unique qualifications to write such a book: artistic talent, a command of literary Chinese, an international background, and a sensitive approach. She is able to present fascinating material in flawless English, with a lucidity of style and an engaging modesty that give an impression of effortless ease. But no one will fail to recognize the staggering amount of work she expended on her scholarly interpretation of basic Chinese ideas that are of fundamental interest to the Western world.

The illustrations, well chosen, well printed, and well described, form an admirable introduction to the text. Sprays of bamboo, plum blossoms, and orchids, landscapes vast in scope or intimate, a churning waterfall, a lonely traveler, fishermen's nets drying at the border of a lake, and the dragonflies and lotus in delicate tints —these set the mood for an inquiry into man's place in nature and the ordered sequence of the seasons.

The ancient Chinese sought by ritual ceremony to imitate the constancy of the stars and the rhythmic cycles of day and night, hoping to bring the harmony of heaven into man's affairs. Later, still intent on finding a way (a "Tao"), painting became a part of ritual, and ritual a part of painting, for painting was neither speech nor silence. "Brushwork is the direct expression of the mind in action. Its function is to make visible the invisible. It involves skill and dexterity and, of equal if not greater importance, mental and spiritual motivation. He who is learning to paint must first learn to still his heart, thus to clarify his understanding and increase his wisdom. He must give contemplative attention to all things and all of nature's changes in order gradually to gain a sense of the permanent and significant."

Thus brushwork of painter and writer was of vital import, and years of disciplined training were required before calligraphy or picture might be judged worthy of praise. When the admiration of a fellow painter or connoisseur was freely given, the artist was regarded as having a magic skill, able through his creative power to reveal the brilliance of the sun and moon and to penetrate the limits of heaven and earth. This sense of wonder at painting as a magic art elevated the artist to the rank of sage, and his work was classed as divine, profound, or mysterious.

The element of magic associated with numbers and categories is discussed by Miss Sze, as she quotes from the classical Chinese texts, and points out corollaries in Greek thought and in contemporary psychology. Her own skill in handling the brush is demonstrated in the analyses of archaic pictographs from which the modern Chinese language has evolved. This part of the text alone will prove to be of absorbing interest.

She discusses technical aspects of painting, such as the preparation of pigments and ink, paper and silk, and brushes. The best ink was derived from soot or lampblack mixed with animal glue and pulverized clay, oyster shells, or powered jade (the jade, she notes, was put in primarily as a gesture of respect to the ink). Thus an ink stick was formed. Those of the best quality had a unique fragrance, to which musk, camphor, or pomegranate bark was added. Old ink was, and still is, treated like vintage wine, as one of the four treasures of the scholar.

The second of Mai-Mai Sze's volumes consists of the first full English translation of the seventeenth-century manual for painters, the famous "Mustard Seed Garden." Based on the premise that the human eye cannot see all there is to see, but the painter by means of his delicate brush can depict the multiplicity of nature manifesting the divine spirit, all visible objects are included in the manual. There are hundreds of models of trees, rocks, mountains, houses, men, "feathers-and-fur" creatures, and flowering plants. From the greatest masters of the past this illustrative material was chosen as a guide, reproduced in wood-block technique in the first edition. The whole panorama of nature thereby was made available to the amateur and the professional from the seventeenth century onward, as now it is transmitted to a wider audience.

Who would like to sit in a quiet room, with fragrant ink stick at hand, and write upon silk or sky-blue paper with a brush made of mouse's whiskers set in a jade handle? One might then learn to still the heart and take the first halting steps upon a path toward wisdom, for the presentation of the Tao by this daughter of China is challenging and beautiful.

—From the book.

". . . old ink . . . treated like vintage wine."

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The Suez Canal Crisis

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a series of monthly comments and reports by Elmo Roper on new trends in public opinions.*

THE world's attention has been focused on the Middle East for ten months now. The Suez Canal crisis struck its first sparks last summer when Egyptian President Nasser abruptly nationalized the Canal. It broke into a blaze when Israel invaded the Sinai Peninsula in October, and when Great Britain and France joined in it became a major conflagration. Outside pressures, coming from Russia, the United States, and the U.N., put out the fire, but the coals are still hot. The United Nations force is there, but for how long or to perform what functions is far from clear.

The public's reaction to these events may be judged from the result of a quick survey we did a short time ago among a limited cross-section of people across the country. We asked our sample this question with these results.

"Switching for a minute to the Suez Canal situation, in your opinion what country—or countries—are largely responsible for what happened there: Egypt, Israel, Britain, France—or who?" This is how they answered:

	%
Egypt	32
Britain	29
France	21
Israel	14
Russia	12
U. S.	3
U. N.	1
Don't know	38

The most obvious finding, of course, is that more Americans blame the Suez situation on Egypt than on anyone else. Despite Nasser's loud protestations that Egypt was an innocent victim, despite U. N. resolutions which concentrated on censuring the three "aggressor" countries, the American public is just not willing to go along with the view that Egypt, simply because she was the one to be attacked, should get off scot-free of blame.

Another striking finding is that however people may disagree on the exact allocation of blame they do not blame just one country. Instead, the average person named two countries, and quite carefully distinguished between the part each nation played. Britain and France, for example, whose actions were synchronized, do not get an equal share of the blame.

One can only guess why more people blamed Great Britain than France, since their actions were identical and coordinated. Considering the whole background of our relations with the two countries, it might be a good guess that they felt deeply let down by seeing Britain resort to armed force in a situation where, rightly or wrongly, they didn't see the need for armed force, simply because for a long time they have thought of England as a rock of stability in an unstable world and as a country not given to precipitate action. Possibly fewer people criticized France because they expect less of her.

Israel, which actually started the fire, gets even less blame than the two countries who later joined in. This may be because people understand Israel's hard-pressed position, having to fight for her very existence as a nation among a circle of hostile Arab neighbors. Or it may have been that people felt Israel wasn't starting a new war but simply continuing an old one.

It's interesting that Russia is blamed by almost as many people as blamed Israel, even though Russia was not named in our question—except as it might have been implied in the phrase "or who?" This certainly indicates the deep-seated distrust of Russia felt by many of our people. What the 3 per cent think who volunteered that our own country is at least partly responsible for what happened is anybody's guess, but they may have been thinking back to the time when Secretary of State Dulles reversed his position on a U.S. loan to Egypt.

Probably the most significant fact is that more than one-third of our sample—more than named any single country—just didn't know what country or countries to blame for the whole Suez situation. This percentage is a good deal higher than we generally get on questions of this sort, and shows how thoroughly bewildered many people are about the entire situation over there. It might be also an expression of feeling that everyone is somewhat to blame.

We asked another question too, and that was the question of who should pay the bill for restoring the Canal to its old position of usefulness. What may be surprising is that while a few more people thought Egypt was to blame for what happened, a few more people thought Britain should pay for it. This may reflect nothing more than an extension of the philosophy that if a rich man and a poor man have an accident and both are partly to blame for it, there is a certain rough justice in having the rich man pay for it.

Here are the detailed figures on who our cross section of people thought should pay for it.

Britain	31%
Egypt	28
France	25
U. N.	21
Israel	10
Russia	4
U. S.	1
Don't know	33

The most remarkable thing about those figures is not the reverse roles of Egypt and England but the fact that the U.N. is named by 21 per cent of the people as being the logical recipient of the bill, despite the fact that practically no one named the U. N. as being responsible for the situation!

This is a finding of tremendous interest, because it indicates what may be a growing concept of the U. N. in a somewhat different role than it's been thought of in the past. In the first

(*Continued on page* 33)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISCOVERED CHECK

. . . AUTOMATIC chess-players (*SR* Dec. 1) have been a hoax from before Poe . . .

BEN GINSBURG.

Kingman, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We apologize for a piece of bad reporting. Dr. Claude E. Shannon in 1949 described techniques whereby a computer might be made to play a first-rate game of chess. But he has never actually built the chess-playing robot.*

QUESTION FOR THE SCIENCE EDITOR

CERTAINLY Dr. I. Phillips Frohman knew (THE RESEARCH FRONTIER, *SR* Mar. 2) that nothing was meant to be "new" at the American College of Radiology press conference. The main purpose of the conference was to emphasize—contrary to the implications of the National Academy of Sciences report "The Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation"—that an X-ray examination is a medical examination and that, therefore, the decision as to whether a particular examination is necessary for a particular patient must be made, in the patient's interest, by the patient's physician.

Certainly Dr. Frohman knew that he misquoted the sentence taken from the American College of Radiology statement. The correct quotation and the remainder of the paragraph is: "Of the estimated 126,000 professional users of X-ray apparatus today, it is reported that only about 4,000 have the comprehensive special training of radiologists. Others have variable education in its dangers and in optimum methods for protection. This fact is one calling for considerable self-discipline by physicians and dentists, and for vigilance in the criteria by which users are judged with respect to whether their background and experience is adequate to deal with the hazards involved. Inadequately trained persons should not be encouraged to venture beyond their depth by industry, advertisers, or institutions."

Editorial responsibility unquestionably demands that false misleading articles are not to be tolerated and published. If such articles are published without the knowledge of your Science Editor, he is professionally negligent. If they are published with his knowledge, he is intellectually dishonest.

JOHN HALE,
Radiologic Physicist, Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Science Editor suggests that radiologist Hale reconsider his accusation of dishonesty and negligence. Contrary to what Mr. Hale writes, the National Academy of Sciences report on the biological effects of atomic radiation very clearly delineated the X-ray problem as one in which the possible dangers have to be weighed against the possible benefits in each individual patient. The report clearly regarded the responsibility for decision as lying in the hands of the medical profession, for it recommended that "the medical authorities . . . initiate a vigorous movement to reduce the radiation exposure from X-rays to the lowest point commensurate with medical necessity." As a physician, Dr. Frohman not only had a right but an obligation to suggest a means of X-ray control.*

As SR/RESEARCH *noted at the time it appeared, the report of the American College of Radiology gave assurances that radiologists as a professional group were aware of the dangers outlined by NAS (namely, that indiscriminate use of X-rays is a worse hazard at present than atom-bomb fallout). Although it opposed individual radiation record cards as untimely, the report inferentially urged College members to participate in policing the problem responsibly.*

Gilbert and Sullivan, among others, have noted that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. The X-ray beat is no exception. There are those who prefer the cop to stay off the block until he is summoned. There are others who say, "Don't watch me, watch that fellow over there." (At recent high-level conversations, for instance, representatives of the radiologists made such remarks as, "Okay, we'll admit there is carelessness and abuse in the use of X-rays. But we are not to blame. The dermatologists are the ones to get after.") There is now being considered a formal proposal for a study of all X-ray equipment in the United States, to be followed up by corrective action where necessary. A fair standard of comparison is available in a device recently developed by the National Bureau of Standards, approved by the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, and soon to be circulated by Unesco in any country requesting it.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's a new kind of howling Wesley thought up. He calls it singing."

ARROGANT, INSECURE?

THE ARROGANT, subjective approach of Doctor Frohman is typical of an insecure position. . . . There has been no failure on the part of radiologists to evolve with the problem, especially the problem of genetics and radiation.

SYDNEY F. THOMAS, M. D.
Palo Alto, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Frohman writes: "A lady reader of* The Saturday Review *in Maryland called me to say she has a four-year-old child with a hip condition necessitating therapeutic radiation. This child had four treatments of radiation. At no time . . . (had) any protective device (been used) on the testicles (gonads) and this disturbed the mother. After the second treatment she suggested that it might be a good idea to use some protective cover to the child's sex organs but this was pooh-poohed by the radiologist.*

"The family doctor, an internist, responded in like manner. This lady presented the SR *article to the radiologist and after the child had already had four treatments, he condescended to apply . . . (protection). I know it is quite irksome to many men in highly specialized fields when a nonspecialist writes an original paper about their particular specialty which tends to rouse them from their lethargic state. But I believe that this one instance alone would be an excellent answer to them."*

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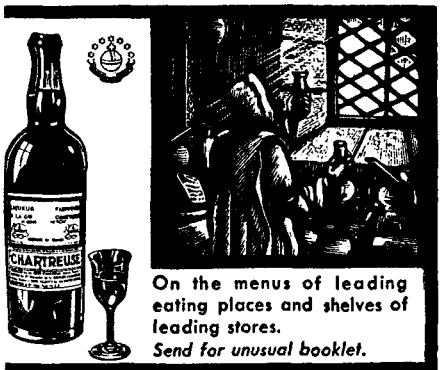

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Comedy of Inevitability

GEORGES FEYDEAU, who originated French farce during the waning years of the nineteenth century, is not well known outside of his own country. Yet as a writer of comedies the French rate him second only to Moliere. For Peter Glenville, England's most skilful young director, the "discovery" of Feydeau was bouleversant. And he immediately set about translating "l'Hotel du Libre échange" into **"Hotel Paradisio"** for a London production. After a great success with it there he is bringing it to Broadway, with Bert Lahr in the leading role.

Mr. Glenville, who confesses constant amazement and admiration at Feydeau's fantastic skill at construction, says, "Every comedy situation is perfectly prepared. For instance, there is a scene in 'Hotel Paradisio' where a boy drills through a door against which Bert Lahr is standing. Since Mr. Lahr cannot shout without giving himself away he must stand there and take it, while the boy continues to drill. This probably would be funny enough if it happened on the spur of the moment. But Feydeau insists on making it much funnier. A few minutes before this comic business he has the boy pick up the drill and consider whether or not he should drill the hole. He then puts the drill down, returns to it a moment later, puts it down again, and finally comes back and actually starts drilling."

This kind of construction does not make for "the comedy of surprise" which American audiences are accustomed to. Rather, Mr. Glenville believes, it arrives at a kind of farce that is "the real thing" and much more enjoyable. "Feydeau," he points out, "makes sure you see the situation coming so that you, the audience, eagerly want it to happen." Feydeau himself described his formula. "When in one of my plays two of my characters *must not* meet each other," he said, "I throw them together as soon as possible."

But one would be deceived to think of Feydeau as trivial and insincere. As the distinguished French playwright, Marcel Achard, said of him, "Feydeau's plays have the progression, strength, and violence of tragedies except that with him one chokes with laughter instead of horror." Feydeau's comedies contain no useless material and are virtually impossible to cut. Once, when a producer prevailed upon Feydeau to allow him to shorten a new play by ten minutes in order that the people might leave the theatre on time, Feydeau asked, "How many pages does ten minutes take?"

"Twenty," replied the producer.

"Very well," consented Feydeau, "let the actors begin on page 21."

Mr. Glenville finds that Feydeau requires actors who do not possess the slightest tinge of sentimentality. "They must be able to perform with the speed, style, and rhythm of a team of acrobats," he says, "and at the same time be absolutely sincere."

The young but hugely experienced director knows that Feydeau used to insist upon three months' rehearsal to arrive at such an objective, but although he will have considerably less, he has on his side the experience of already staging "Hotel Paradisio" once. "I always dread directing a play a second time," he says, "but I think it does make possible a better result. In the first production there are always things you never quite have time to do. For instance, in 'Separate Tables' here I asked Margaret Leighton not to play the aging model quite as coldly as we did it in London. I think it improves the play."

Mr. Glenville feels that "Hotel Paradisio" is universal enough to work in any language. "The characters are the strong and robust middle-class people found in every society: the henpecked husband, the dominating wife, and the friend's pretty wife neglected by her husband. Audiences see in them not themselves," he adds wickedly, "but their neighbors."

THE current revival of **"The Duchess of Malfi,"** as directed by Jack Landau, is lucid, fast-moving, and at moments makes glorious Webster's rich verse and his tragic conception of evil. Mr. Landau has costumed the play in Edwardian garb, so that the protagonist seems more like Paula Tangueray than an Italian duchess. On the other hand, it may make the class distinctions which motivate the action somewhat more credible. The play's horrible events also gain credibility by a level and logical style of performance, although we often find it hard to believe that the actors are completely involved emotionally as well as cerebrally. —HENRY HEWES.

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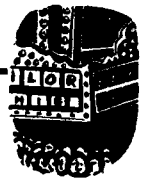

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Two on the Isle

THE desert island *à deux*, that fertile source of material for comic cartoonists and other happy dreamers, provides inspiration and background for two current screen offerings. In **"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison"** (Twentieth Century-Fox), aside from a platoon or two of Japanese infantrymen and U.S. Marines glimpsed from afar, screenwriters John Lee Mahin and John Huston have successfully accomplished the virtuoso stunt of keeping their picture alive and absorbing with only two actors, Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum. In **"The Little Hut"** (M-G-M), writer-producer F. Hugh Herbert simplified his dramaturgic problems somewhat by expanding his cast to three, and ultimately four, all seen very close up. Unfortunately, this increase in personnel has not enhanced the humor of his film.

"Mr. Allison," however, based on a popular novel by Charles Shaw, wrings a surprising amount of comedy, some pathos, and a great deal of action out of the unlikely situation of a tough Marine corporal and a pretty Catholic nun marooned together on a South Seas atoll in the last years of World War II. During the early reels there is perhaps a shade too much of the "nuns can be fun" kind of humor visible in such earlier Hollywood efforts as "The Bells of St. Mary's" and "Come to the Stable"; but once the Japanese swarm ashore and the two take refuge in the hills, their relationship is developed with considerable delicacy and skill. Sentimentalists in the audience, I feel sure, will find themselves hoping that Sister Angela renounces her vows in time to bring the picture to a happy ending.

What makes this off-beat romantic drama so very appealing and affecting are the performances of its two stars. One has almost come to expect subtle, fine-grained characterizations from Miss Kerr. The revelation is Robert Mitchum. Not since the dawn of his screen career, not since his portrayal of the doomed and desperate company commander in "The Story of G.I. Joe," has he shown such capacity for tenderness, for understatement, and the creation of a three-dimensional, believable, likable human being.

* * *

"The Little Hut," on the other hand, adapted from a singularly witless and tasteless play of a few seasons back, proves to be even more witless and tasteless in its film incarnation. In it a busy industrialist, his wife, and his best friend, a type from the British Foreign Office, find themselves cast up on still another desert island. In the play it was clear that when the businessman was off being busy the best friend was a frequent and willing substitute with the wife—a relationship he hoped to continue. It was also clear in the play that he succeeded. Since such a situation could scarcely be tolerated in the movies, however, the wife is made to exert her womanly wiles on the best friend merely to arouse a proper protective instinct in her mate. And though there is many a leer, innuendo, and *double-entendre* in the script, everything turns out to be as pure as driven snow—if not nearly so clean.

* * *

Two summers ago, in the shadow of the late Third Avenue El, a youthful trio of American film makers undertook the difficult and heart-breaking task of recording a way of life: the degraded, drink-sodden dereliction of the Bowery. Lionel Rogosin, the producer, and his associates Richard Bagley and Mark Sufrin spent months on the street and in the Bowery's missions, gin mills, and flop houses to learn about the men they wanted to film. They listened to their stories and eventually earned their confidence sufficiently to move in on some of them with a camera. More of their shots had to be "cheated," however, taken from cameras concealed in packages or parked cars. The result, **"On the Bowery,"** is an extraordinary, agonizing document—a bit too long, somewhat disorganized, but filled with an overwhelming sense of veracity and an unvoiced compassion for the men who have surrendered their dignity for a drink. Their story is developed dramatically, enacted by three men discovered along the Bowery and coaxed, cajoled, and bribed into playing themselves. Some measure of the honesty with which the film makers approached their theme is to be found in the fact that two of their "actors" are still on the Bowery. The third died a few weeks after the picture was completed—of drink.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Culture, Blessed Word!

ONE thing we have all learned in the past few months: a good general education pays off. Accolades once reserved for pugilists and racehorses have cropped up around the triumphant egghead: champion, contender, record money-maker. As Charles Van Doren, who knocked off about $130,000 in fourteen weeks, is a teacher as well as a student, we can foresee the image of the absent-minded professor vanishing with the image of the bespectacled "grind." It is a revolution.

If the public begins to hold education in high esteem, we can be sure that in due time networks and sponsors and packagers will discover the new commodity and the highbrow program will come into its own. The programs we lump together as cultural will then enjoy a prerogative now reserved to commercial programs: the right to make a few mistakes, the chance to recover from errors. At present, if a cultural program isn't at once perfect and successful it vanishes and drags with it half-a-dozen projected programs of the same kind. Failure is blamed on the nature of the program, is taken as proof that "the public" doesn't care for that sort of thing. (Dozens of programs produced by the hard-boiled merchants who know exactly what the public does want fail every year.)

Three series of programs, each with a different approach to educational-cultural material, can be considered as indicators of the possibilities and also the pitfalls of high-level production. Since the Radio TV-Workshop (established by the Ford Foundation) is not going to support "Omnibus" after this season, a certain anxiety about its future colors the critical attitude toward its present offerings. I think we feel that, in a sense, the fate of superior programs is involved in "Omnibus," the argument running more-or-less like this: if all the Ford money (which "Omnibus" never had) couldn't put over a highbrow program, how can anyone else expect to succeed?

But this has not been a good year for "Omnibus," in spite of some exceptionally good programs. It has shown, at times, the psychological defect which seems to attack all programs not trying for big audiences, a sort of assumption that the audience it does attract will forgive all errors because the intention is so good. A few weeks ago it took forty-five minutes for an illustrated lecture on theatrical scenery by Walter Kerr, the dramatic critic. It was a development of Mr. Kerr's highly individual ideas about the theatre and it presumably dealt with the effect scenery has on the drama itself, but for all the elaborately dramatized scenes it remained a lecture with animated slides and, to top it off, it was followed by a lecture-demonstration on tennis. Contempt for elementary showmanship is precisely the sort of thing educational and cultural programs cannot get away with.

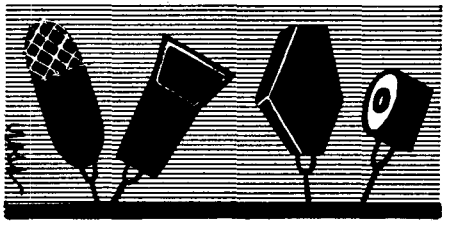
Opposite in every respect is the occasional series sponsored by Bell Labs. In all probability the second program, "Hemo the Magnificent," the story of the blood and its circulation, was made at the same time as "Our Mr. Sun." It had the same elaborate paraphernalia, easily rivalling the machinery of a quiz show, and was marked by the same nervous eagerness to assure us that the program would be at least as funny as "Sid Caesar's Hour." It used, in fact, one of Caesar's devices: a long sequence was delivered in the vaudeville-German accent of Caesar's comic professor. In the first program St. Francis was quoted and quickly debased by a joke; in this one Goethe was followed by a bit of clowning. As in the first, the pictures were sensationally effective and every effort was nullified by the taste of the production. On Mr. Hemo's appearance he saluted us with "Sholom Aleichem," and if it was meant to be Biblical and grand it came out vaudeville Yiddish. We were told about "giddyap nerves" and "VIP" cells" just before we heard Max Planck's austere call to faith.

I HAVE seen only the first of a new series of programs which NBC is creating, in collaboration with the Educational Television and Radio Center, for the use, primarily, of non-commercial stations. It was relatively elevated and simple—a discussion of Walter Edmonds's "Drums Along the Mohawk," with readings by Miss Julie Harris and others, a not specially effective variation of the technique of "Camera Three" a few years ago. I shall report on the series after seeing samples, at least, of its lessons in geography, mathematics, government, and history. The intent of NBC and the Center is clear and admirable. These are educational television programs, planning to use the legitimate techniques of the medium, planning not to let the techniques interfere with the basic values of the material.

This means that the series plans to *interest* its audience—and the producers know that entertainment is not the only way to interest. They intend to be simple, but not to oversimplify. (On the "Omnibus" program Mr. Kerr spoke of a microscope and reached over and handled one, to show us what a microscope was, I gather. In the NBC program, Dr. Albert Van Nostrand spoke of telescopes and microscopes and assumed we knew what he was talking about.)

In New York, and in some other cities I believe, these programs will also be visible on commercial stations. I hope they will be carefully looked at, because a critical *public* response, beyond that of students and educators, is what the program merits. It constitutes a recognition by the commercial broadcasters of a duty to the public which they cannot, through their own channels, fulfil, and as such is an act of statesmanship rare in the history of broadcasting.

—GILBERT SELDES.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rough Diamond, Solti, Jordan as "Queen"

DAVID DIAMOND has written enough worthwhile music to make the first performance of his Sixth Symphony by the Boston Symphony under the direction of Charles Munch in Carnegie Hall a matter for anticipation. It was also an occasion for rumination, if not the kind the composer might have intended. The subject was: Which Diamond are we to believe—the insistent, overbearing composer of the two fast movements, or the appealing, even reflective one of the adagio?

There is no need to say that the two attitudes cannot co-exist, assuming that the creator has conveyed, at some point, an emotional synthesis. That, to me, was the absent element. It would be too much, perhaps, to characterize the slow movement as soft-hearted but hard-headed, the fast ones vice versa. But there is little doubt that Diamond is more choosy of material when introspective than agitated, that the reflection accumulates in interest whereas the animation wears itself (and the audience-attention) out with needless resort to such noisemakers as percussion, slapstick, the piano-as-xylophone, etc.

Georg Solti's final pair of programs with the Philharmonic ventured no surprises, cast no unsuspected light on abilities previously revealed. His treatment of the Second Symphony of Beethoven and Mozart's No. 38 ("Prague") testified to his real capabilities as a draftsman of orchestral groundplans, but didn't add much to our esteem for his abilities as muralist or decorator (interior or exterior). His "Prague" is nothing if not pragmatic, his Beethoven D major an interesting evaluation of it as the last of the Haydn kind of symphony without showing it also as the revelation of a new personality.

According to Philharmonic practice, Solti was accompanied on each musical pilgrimage to popular favor (*a la* Tamino in "Magic Flute") by a tried guide—in the midweek pair by violinist Erica Morini, in the week-end sequence by Rudolf Serkin, as soloist in the D minor piano concerto of Brahms. Miss Morini played the A major concerto of Mozart with a firm muscularity, a potent musicality which shamed more delicate enterprises of some male contemporaries. Not all the energy was relevant however, and I sometimes felt the niceties related more to Miss Morini's expert command of the instrument than to the real needs of the music. The relaxed songfulness of the adolescent genius who wrote this work was a little persecuted in this treatment, the energy subjected to a forced enlargement. Save for a false entrance or two (from the horns particularly), Solti kept the work flowing in a pre-arranged direction.

The lengthy enterprise to convert Irene Jordan (a mezzo debutant at the Metropolitan in 1946 as Mallika to Lily Pons's Lakme) into a dramatic coloratura, came to an issue when she sang the Queen of the Night in a recent "Magic Flute." Miss Jordan has developed the middle register breadth to give the arias the dramatic character often absent, but at the expense of a dependable bottom or a really flaring top. Some staccato passages between F and C were impressively executed, but the basic sound of the voice is unnatural, lacking in real warmth or vibrance. Obviously she was not at her best in this taxing trial, but mentally multiplying the results by two or three still did not suggest a really pleasurable sound.

Otherwise of interest in the operatic week was Rosalind Elias's first Lola in "Cavalleria" (with its inevitable consequence, "Pagliacci"). Hers is a mezzo of vibrant, dark, vital sound, mated with a stage personality of much promise. If the two elements can mature with their present blend of projection and control, Miss Elias can grow to much larger responsibilities. While she was performing with the restraint of youth, Richard Tucker, Zinka Milanov, and Frank Valentino were exercising the prerogatives (and excesses) of maturity.

As much as I heard, on the same evening, of Sigismund Weissenberg's piano recital in Carnegie Hall made one reflect anew on the disadvantages of the instrumental virtuoso's career versus that of the opera singer. Gathering his forces, after a four years' absence, the young pianist threw them all into rather headlong, energy-laden performances of a Bach partita (D minor) and a Chopin sonata (B minor), preceded and followed by major works of Franck and Schumann. Handicapped by the use of the second best piano, Weissenberg was constantly overprojecting sound while underexpressing music. The pianistic discipline was mostly impressive, the musical results rather negligible. Given the opportunity of the vocalist to perform twenty times in as many weeks, Weissenberg might level off to a recognition of his solid abilities; the one, all-out fling did not give by any means a sum of his musical parts.

The poised artistry and mature expressiveness of Elena Nikolaidi added much to the interests of Gluck's "Orfeo" as presented in a concert version by the Little Orchestra under the direction of Thomas Scherman. The Nikolaidi voice is not what it has been, leading to a rather bland whiteness of coloration, but she is a resourceful singer, with an affinity for the breadth and eloquence of Gluck's line. The cast otherwise provided Teresa Stich-Randall as Eurydice and Pierette Alarie as Amor, with results that tended more to finesse than to fervor.

LATER in the week Miss Stich-Randall made her first venture here as a recitalist, singing works of Schubert, Jensen, Pfitzner, Debussy, and Strauss in Town Hall. So far as the first half (up to Debussy) was evidence, Miss Stich-Randall has an uncanny talent for seeking out dull songs (including several by Schubert) on which to exercise her vocal wiles—a repetitious rise from half voice to full, an occasionally exploited top tone, a prevailing monotone of emotion, all in the name of "artistry." Now and again, as in Schubert's "Aufloesung" or Jensen's "Morgens am Brunnen" or Pfitzner's "Mailied," Miss Stich-Randall approached a condition of real animation. It is hardly an accident that each of these was the last song of a group, for the whole program was arranged with similar calculation. Arpad Sandor provided unsteady pianistic support.

A final venture of a venturesome week found Newell Jenkins conducting the National Orchestral Association in a program of which Berlioz's "King Lear" overture was the "familiar" work. Amid a miscellany of Hovhaness ("Easter Cantata") and Sammartini ("Magnificat") I found substantial interest in a "Sinfonia Cantata," by Riccardo Malipiero. This is a work of absorbing plan, designed to reflect his impressions of an American visit through verses about America in various languages, with our own Walt Whitman as peroration. A basic criticism of the result is that it is overdiffused, lacking in unified style. Perhaps the same thing could be said about us (or U.S.)—something Malipiero should have taken into consideration before writing his work. Paul Matthen sang the arduous solo part well, without disguising any degree of its difficulty.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Deux Alka Seltzers Sur Le Rocks

IT CAN'T be claimed as an original notion, but April in the air always gives us Paris on the mind, and we were indeed ecstatic when an old *ami d'Escoffier* who is an old *ami de nous* called up and asked us if we wouldn't attend Le Diner de Printemps of Les Amis d'Escoffier, an aggregation which get its kicks from calories.

Les Amis meet twice a year at some New York hotel which, though it stands to lose a considerable amount of money on the occasion, vies energetically with other hotels for the honor. For the spring dinner we assembled in a salon adjacent to the grand ballroom of the Hotel Pierre, an elegant hostelry on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park and there partook, as the menu explained, of *quelques apertifs et des amuse bouches chaud et froids*. What amused our *bouche* most were the snails that lay simmering in beds of brown rock salt. There wasn't a martini or a highball in sight, since *les amis* believe that the most one should start with is a glass of chablis or perhaps a Dubonnet.

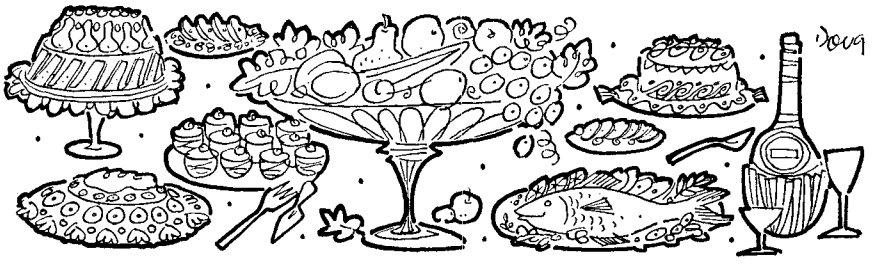
We fear we popped the retinas of our companion by thoughtlessly walking to the table with a lighted cigarette. 'Orrified, 'e said, "'Orace, you weel be expelled or denounced from the chair, I don't know weech." Les Amis are of the persuasion that smoking a cigarette dulls the palate, and no palate should be anesthetized before Le Diner de Printemps. There were no ashtrays on the table, and one of the by-laws printed on the inside of the menu explained, "Smoking is absolutely forbidden up to the minute dessert is served. A person who smokes while eating does not deserve the title of 'gourmet'."

Not wishing to perpetrate another *gaucherie*, we carefully read the other rules which went as follows: "The napkin must be tucked under the collar. There will be no reserved seats. Persons under the influence of liquor will not be permitted to sit at the table. The wines, carefully selected to accompany and enhance the delicacy of each course, must be drunk during the course for which they are intended. To enforce this ruling, the glasses —even if full—will be removed at the end of each course."

Six glasses were drawn up in front of each place and glancing over them we could perceive peaches and apples growing on wire vines behind the diners. When all had assembled and tucked their napkins under their chin, or—in some cases—chins, a photographer whose business it is to take pictures of hotel banquets climbed high on a stepladder and said, "All right, gentlemen. *Regardez l'objectif*!" We complied, there was a pop, and red-coated waiters appeared at the door bringing the first of seven courses, *La Tortue Verte au Vin de Xérès, les Paillettes d'Or*. It was green turtle soup with sherry. The first glass was filled with brown Dry Sack.

THEREAFTER we engaged in a hand to hand battle with *Les Nymphes à la Pierre* (giant frog's legs) and *L'Agneau de Lait Maintenon* (lamb). There came then a portentous announcement. "Gentlemen," said the chairman rapping his gavel on the table, "You are about to be served a creation of the Chef Orta of the Hotel Pierre which has never been served before. Tonight is its premiere, so please concentrate. You will see why it has been given the name Toscanini, in honor of the great maestro. There are fourteen plates each different from the other. On them is a *poularde*. Now a *poularde* is neither a chicken nor a turkey nor a capon. As garniture you will have a prosciutto and salad." "Confidentially, a *poularde is* a capon," the man on our right whispered. We stole a glance at the menu. It said:

Le Chaud-Froid de Poularde
Toscanini



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enrober de Gelée au Chianti
quelques Feuilles de Printemps
a l'Huile Vierge

Music suddenly welled up from loudspeakers secreted around the room. Standing in the doorway were fourteen red-coated waiters, each bearing a *poularde* dressed in chianti-flavored jelly. Superimposed on the *poulardes* backs were musical notes carved out of truffles.

After that emotional experience it was all a man could do to bring himself to the cheese, advertised as *"Le Fromage de Brie du Wisconsin,"* Wisconsin being a northern province active in the manufacture of fromages and cheeses. There was left but to breast-stroke through *Le Soufflé Grand-Marnier, la Sauce Divine* and *Les Bonbonnières Parisiènne,* then finally *Le Moka, Java Très Chaud,* and it was done. The ashtrays were passed at 10:30 *juste.*

There had been some touch-and-go minutes when some of the *amis* began to sniff their wine glasses before the wine had been poured. "Smells of the detergent," one *ami*

MILTON'S COTTAGE: In the course of a long and active career as a poet, man of letters, propagandist, and Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell John Milton occupied a number of houses, most of them within the limits of London. When the Great Plague broke out in 1665 Milton, his third wife, and his daughter Deborah were living in the city. Feeling that it would be safer if they retired to the country, he asked a former pupil and Quaker named Thomas Ellwood to find him a house. Ellwood obliged by finding what he called "a pretty box" in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles west of London, at Chalfont St. Giles. It is the only house still standing in England which Milton is known to have occupied, and it was here, dictating to his daughter, that he completed "Paradise Lost." By the time he came here Milton was not only blind and nearing sixty but an embittered public figure whose influence was so completely at an end owing to the Restoration that two of his books had been burned by the hangman. He filled his otherwise empty hours by returning to work on his great poem.

The modest little house at Chalfont, with its pleasant garden, knew a long succession of private owners but mercifully few alterations to its original structure until the Jubilee year of 1887, when Queen Victoria herself topped the list of subscribers with a 20£ donation toward its purchase as a Milton Memorial. It has been open daily since that time, but it closes always at dusk: to preserve the cottage as nearly as possible as it was in the poet's time electric lighting has never been installed. In a country notable for its stately homes Milton's Cottage can scarcely be called impressive—until the visitor remembers the crashing lines from "Paradise Lost"

The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

—NELSON LANSDALE.

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said. "I smelled it through the wine," frowned another. But all that was forgotten in the haze of the Pouilly Fumé 1955, the Chateau Haut Brion 1953; the Chambolle Musigny Domaine Jules Regnier 1952, the Cordon Rouge Brut 1949, and the brandies. A goateed *ami* was dipping grapes in his champagne and elbowing his neighbor to follow suit. Chef Manuel Orta had outdone himself, and now all around the room there came cries of "Orta! Orta!"

The chairman took the microphone and in a voice packed with emotion he said, "We are waiting for the master. He'll be here any second. And here he is!" A slim bespectacled man in a tall crisp chef's hat, pencil tucked up under it, strode into the room. He got a standing round of applause. When the *amis* had resettled in their chairs, and Orta had taken a place at the head table, there began the custom of entertaining criticisms of the meal from the floor.

This time there were no criticisms. Orta had cut both ears and the tail. Rising to his feet an *ami* expostulated, "This dinner has shown not only the magnificent organization of this hotel, but the art, the utter exquisite art that under these modern conditions we can have this magnificent symposium of those who appreciate the beautiful. The appreciation of those who can only feel it in the heart. These things are beyond what you can buy . . . this exquisite artist, Orta. I just want to say we should all stop a minute and appreciate it."

Nobody stopped at all. One of the lovers of fine eating was on his feet distributing a paper addressed: "To Lovers of Fine Eating." It proclaimed as he did over the microphone a few moments later that there is a "crying need for an immediate program to educate young culinarians." Said he, "We want to buy the Escoffier birthplace and obtain scholarships and send our American boys who want to improve their culinary art. As you know, we were founded twenty-one years ago and now all we have is one or two dinners a year because there are so few kitchen staffs capable of producing dinners such as you enjoyed tonight. For you who have *l'appreciation du ventre,* the appreciation of the stomach, through your understanding in helping us to establish this foundation your children and your children's children will be able to appreciate a meal such as you had tonight. At our October meeting we will invite ladies. You may bring a guest. But we want to raise money. The price will be twenty-five dollars for members and fifty for guests. And now goodbye, sleep well, and sweet dreams." —Horace Sutton.

The Sea

Continued from page 21

a small boat. A seaman of any experience does not aspire to be cooped in a little craft for a long passage with a few shipmates whom he knows will eventually end up enemies. Those who point out that Captain Slocum led the way for the "loners" should know the old shipmaster was escaping from the shore and from a condition which would have forced him to go to sea in a steamer, in a position below command. Too, he was a promoter and set the precedent for the hundreds who have made money from such voyage by-products as books, movies, and lectures.

SEAMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR: Joe Richards, Manhattan artist, merchant seaman, and lover of boats found the *Princess* in a Flushing boatyard in 1938, and bought her on the spot. Such a purchase was more an act of faith and affection than of sense, for her twenty-eight-foot hull, hauled up on land and toasted in the sun for years, was about as seaworthy as a Venetian blind. But *Princess* had something that few sailboats can boast, and that was good lineage. She was a Friendship sloop, built by the famous Wilbur A. Morse in his Maine boat yard sometime before 1880, but with the eternally young lines that sprang from the instinctive calculus of that designer's mind, and which gave the Friendship sloop its unique sailing qualities. Richards rebuilt her so completely that the boat he bought became little more than a pattern for the boat he built, piece by piece, on the original lines. In his salty and altogether delightful book **"Princess—New York"** (Bobbs Merrill, $4) he tells how he rebuilt her and sailed her by the inland waterway to Fort Lauderdale. His destination had been that lonely Caribbean isle that beckons in the imaginations of so many small-boat sailors, but the war intervened, and he left *Princess* in a yard there. Seven years later he brought her back to New York, but this time his love affair with the boat was diluted by marriage to a real woman. But before the story of the *Princess* peters out in matrimony, the reader has had a glimpse of small boat sailing worthy of Captain Slocum

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE *William Rawle Weeks* (Houghton Mifflin: $3.50)	US spy (male), trailing Reddish compatriot (female), encounters violence, death, hellish weather in Germany, Belgium, Holland.	Overparticularized in spots; State Dept.'s knuckles rapped; codeine taken; nice variation on love-*vs.*-duty theme.	High-class conventional.
COUNTERFEIT *Sonia Cole* (Abelard-Schuman: $3.50)	Fakers in many fields (art, mss., books, anthropology) treated in crisp essay form by British archeological authority.	Piltdown Man, . . . Vrain Lucas, Thomas J. Wise, Vermeer phonies among cases discussed; entertaining subject neatly handled.	A-1.
THE STAG PARTY *William Krasner* (Harper: $2.95)	Gal guest fades out at Midwest insurance convention; ardent womanizer top-priority suspect as good cops take over.	Partition-piece covers much ground, Ozarks included; police shadow police; nice character development and pace.	High plus mark.
THE BIG FRAME *The Gordons* (Crime Club: $2.95)	L.A. pvt. eye who specializes in industrial espionage puts regular police on alert as they follow murder trail.	Handling sympathetic and conscientious, as always; pathological liar present; real lion roars; ancient tune is clue.	Good, but too much story.
THE FIRE TRAP *Owen Cameron* (S&S: $2.75)	Backwoods Western community jarred by fatal arson and later deaths; sheriff's office goes to work.	Interplay of character well handled; law enforcers nicely drawn; sure-footed performance.	High grade.
MADAME BLUEBEARD *Bruce Sanders* (Roy: $2.50)	English leading lady vanishes, upsetting agent; nephew, cops chase around country as bodies develop; wind-up in France.	On the whimsical side but holds interest; hypnosis, amnesia and epilepsy present; several characters on oddish order.	Jolly do.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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himself, with a liberal dash of Richards's own gusty humor and his sharp and original prose style. —T. E. C.

SKIN-DIVING: Bernard Gorsky, the French author of **"The Vastness of the Sea"** (Little, Brown, $5), set off a few years ago with three companions on a voyage around the world in a forty-foot cutter, looking for all the tropical spots where the water was clear and warm enough for skin-diving and fish-hunting. The author and his friends are not scientists—just underwater hunters—and one gets little feeling of the vastness of the sea from their story; rather, one gets a feeling of the myriad picayune details of such an expedition, with its tons of complicated equipment and its cramped living arrangements. There are none of the vistas offered by the title, but there are plenty of cloudy underwater scenes full of sharks and fish-blood, with some excitement and some amusing incidents. Skin divers will probably love the book for all its incessant shoptalk.
—T. E. C.

AROUND THE WORLD: There is a rich feast waiting for the small-boat lover in Eric C. Hiscock's beautifully illustrated book **"Around the World in Wanderer III"** (Oxford University Press, $6). In three years, Hiscock and his wife sailed around the waist of the globe in their thirty-foot auxiliary sloop, the smallest craft ever to make such a voyage. With scores of photographs and 250 pages of text, Mr. Hiscock gives just about every detail of sailing, navigating, and living on that trip, which included the West Indies, Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand, South Africa, and Ascension Island. —T. E. C.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 719

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 719 will be found in the next issue.

F YIUHNFBHA YIUCGQ SUE

KCQPH FDUXH IMY YIUHY.

FRHGGHY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 718

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.
—JOHNSON.

Suez Canal

Continued from page 24

place, it would certainly seem to bear out recent surveys which show that to the vast majority of American people the U. N. is the one best hope for peace. Maybe it even shows a growing concept that, until such time as we have strengthened the U. N. to the point where it can *prevent* just such situations as we have recently seen in the Suez area, it's up to all the nations of the world to help pay for the damages.

As I see it, this high vote that the U. N. should pay the bill couldn't possibly be interpreted as a criticism of the U. N. or as an expression of lack of confidence in it. To the contrary, it indicates to me a growing acceptance of the U. N. and particularly in a new role. It is being looked on as an insurance company which insures against fire. If the insurance company can't prevent fires, then it ought to pay for them. Perhaps the public is reasoning that this will teach the insurance company how to prevent fires!

It would be difficult to blame the public for being confused about the world situation. We seem to go from one crisis to another, and we seem to reach for solutions applicable only to that particular crisis. First it was Formosa, then Korea, then Indochina, then Hungary and the Middle East. To some of these situations we have produced solutions, and to others we haven't.

To the man or woman who is busily engaged in making a living and rearing a family, educating children, participating in the activities of the Parent-Teachers Association or his union or the League of Women Voters—all the myriad of things that make up the day-to-day activities of the average citizen—the current world situation is very apt to seem confusing.

Maybe out of it will come an insistent demand by the people that some way be found to a far broader solution of the problems of the world than the intermediate ones which have been adopted as specifically applicable to Korea or the Suez situation. Maybe there will come a demand that the peace-loving nations of the world who believe in the dignity of man must sit down together and put, not just one, but *all* of their problems on the table to the end that there can be created some kind of a political organization which will keep the current Middle Eastern crisis from being succeeded by a crisis in Western Europe, to be followed by a crisis in Asia, to be followed by a crisis somewhere else. —ELMO ROPER.

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Author and Taxman

Continued from page 12

of *Cozzens v. Commissioner,* 19 TC 663, if you want company for your misery. There, in graphic terms, you will get the story of the extra taxes he had to pay on income from "The Just and the Unjust" because of inadvertent failure to comply with the 80 per cent clause. Not to mention an idea of how long these cases can drag out. The book was published in 1942.

JOHNNIE: I have my hands full feeling sorry for myself. What about this? On December 28, 1956, my agent received $10,000 as a part payment on movie rights. But he didn't give me my share of it until January 8, 1957. Is that income to me for 1956 or 1957?

TAXMAN: Nineteen hundred and fifty-six. It is treated as constructive receipt.

JOHNNIE: Well, that helps. I may get into this 80 per cent clause yet. Supposing I do. How do I actually go about the mechanics of figuring my true tax?

TAXMAN: All right, let's use the same figures. You received $80,000 in 1956. Naturally, if you aren't eligible for the spreadback the entire $80,000 will be treated as income received in 1956. But using the spreadback—and we'll assume you're entitled to the entire thirty-six-month period—you would divide the $80,000 by thirty-six, allocating one thirty-sixth to each month over the three-year period. For each year prior to 1956 you would determine the increase in tax due if you had actually received the prorated amount in addition to your other income, if any, for the year in question. The amount prorated for 1956 would be added to other income for 1956, and from this you would determine the prorated share of the tax on the $80,000 for that year. Then, by adding this figure to the tax-increase figures for the preceding years, you would determine your true tax for 1956 on the $80,000. Obviously it will be much lower than an outright tax on $80,000. Incidentally, doing this doesn't reopen tax returns for earlier years.

JOHNNIE: Supposing I spent more than two years on the book but couldn't find a publisher until six years later. Could I still use the spreadback—assuming I was otherwise qualified?

TAXMAN: Yes. In the case of *Robertson v. U.S.,* 343 U.S. 711, the taxpayer wrote a symphonic composition between 1936 and 1939. In 1947 he won a $25,000 prize in a contest sponsored by a philanthropist. The $25,000 income was taxed ratably over the thirty-six months preceding the close of the taxable year in which the prize was received, rather than ratably over the thirty-six months preceding the completion of the work.

JOHNNIE: Well, a little silver lining. But as I understand it, if you take five years to write the book you're still limited to a spreadback of three years.

TAXMAN: Yes, if you're a writer. Inventors, however, are given a five-year spreadback. And, by the way, if the income you receive should happen to be what is considered—in the tax-law sense—gain from the sale or exchange of a capital asset held for more than six months, then you wouldn't be entitled to the spreadback. But since it's very difficult for an author to develop a capital-gains transaction from the disposition of rights in a book, I won't bother you with the technicalities on that.

JOHNNIE: But didn't I read once that Eisenhower sold his book, "Crusade in Europe," outright, and that the sale was treated as the sale of a capital asset?

TAXMAN: The law was worded differently then. And Eisenhower was not considered to be, in the tax-law sense, a professional author. You *can* become an inventor instead of a writer. Congress has recently changed the tax laws so that it's almost impossible for an inventor not to obtain capital-gains treatment. You can also take steps to see that the sale of secondary rights in your book—a movie sale, for example—is handled in the proper manner. Let me elaborate. Supposing you sold the movie rights in your book for $100,000 to a new independent producer. You're not too sure of his financial status, and you want to get as large a down-payment as you can. You take $40,000 down, and because you are still doubtful about his resources you also insist on promissory notes for the $60,000 balance and a chattel mortgage on the literary property itself. The notes are to be paid in subsequent years and, your thought is, you will be able to foreclose on the literary property in case of default, possibly giving yourself a better bargaining position in any fight with other creditors of the producer. In addition, because of your own financial needs, you hope to discount some of the notes at a bank in the year of sale. Even though you only received $40,000 in the year of sale, even though you did not discount the notes, the Government would treat you as having received $100,000 then, and tax you accordingly.

JOHNNIE: And what should I have done in this hypothetical situation?

TAXMAN: You had two choices. The first: you could sign an ordinary contract of sale with the producer, taking no promissory notes, taking no mortgage, and scrupulously avoiding anything similar in legal effect to a mortgage. That is, anything amounting to a security device. Then you would be taxed on the income from the contract only as you received it. You would not be treated as having received the entire purchase price at the time the contract was signed.

JOHNNIE: But supposing I wanted a mortgage? Or supposing I wanted the promissory notes? I might need the extra cash I could get by discounting them. You know, I'm building a house in the country. My wife wants a mink coat.

TAXMAN: That brings us to the second choice. You could try to take advantage of what is called the "instalment sales" provision of the tax law. This part of the law provides in substance that a person making a casual (and that's the word to watch) sale of personal property and receiving in the tax year of sale not more than 30 per cent of the selling price (exclusive of evidences of indebtedness such as promissory notes or mortgages) will be treated as having received in the year of sale only the amount actually paid to him. To go back to our example, if, in the sale of the movie rights, you did not receive more than $30,000 in the tax year of sale you could take promissory notes and a mortgage, and still be treated as having received only $30,000 that year.

JOHNNIE: And is the sale of the movie rights in a book a—what did you call it—casual sale of personal property?

TAXMAN: Ah, there's the rub. I refer you to the Truman case. In Revenue Ruling 234, 1953-2 CB 29, the Government stated that Truman's outright sale of his memoirs was, in the tax sense, a "casual" sale of personal property. Under this ruling Truman was able to receive a large advance from the publisher before completion of the memoirs, and the advance was not treated as income then but as a loan. At the time he delivered

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the manuscript, he received a cash payment and promissory notes for the balance of the purchase price. The promissory notes were not treated as income.

JOHNNIE: Then why do you say there's any question about my right, any author's right to do the same thing?

TAXMAN: Because the Government carefully limited its ruling to the case of a *non-professional* author. It has not passed on the ability of a professional author to make what the statute calls a "casual" sale.

JOHNNIE: Is there any doubt about it in your mind?

TAXMAN: Who knows? Personally I think the courts would uphold the professional author should the taxing authorities ever challenge him on the point. But there may be a way to avoid the risk of challenge. The professional author might make a gift of the movie rights—or any other right in which the problem was involved—to his wife. The wife, clearly, would be a non-professional, and under the Truman ruling might qualify for the benefits of the section.

JOHNNIE: Supposing an author did take advantage of this section. Then let's assume he disposed of some of the promissory notes to a bank in the year of the sale. Would the amount he received from the bank be added to the down payment so as to put him over that 30 per cent limitation you mentioned?

TAXMAN: No. In *Robinson v. Commissioner*, 73 F.2d 769, it was held that the amounts realized by the disposition of the notes to third parties in the year of sale could not be considered as part of the initial payment. That's one of the advantages of this entire procedure. Of course, income tax would be due in that year on the amount received from the disposition of the notes, but the taxpayer wouldn't suddenly find himself liable for a tax on the entire purchase price.

JOHNNIE: Let me ask you this. I plan to write a non-fiction study of the Civil War. I'll have a lot of travel expenses and will have to hire researchers and secretaries. How do I handle these expenses under the "instalment sales" method?

TAXMAN: Under the "instalment sales" method you would report as income in the tax year of sale that proportion of what you actually receive that year which the gross profit, realized or to be realized when all payments are completed, bears to the total contract price. In other words, your expenses, in a sense, would be prorated as deductions over the years during which payments are to be received. In the case of a sale not made under the "instalment sales" provision—even though payments are received in instalments—all deductions would be applied in the tax year of sale, and while this might help you in the first year it would hurt later on. But as usual, there are pitfalls. The section in question only applies, you remember, to a sale. A good many authors make what they think is a sale, when, from the tax standpoint, it is only a licensing agreement. In fact, until recently the Government took the position that it was impossible (again, I am speaking in the tax sense) for an author to make a sale of a right—such as movie rights—in literary property. But in 1954, in Revenue Ruling 54-409, 1954-2 CB 174, the Government said that a sale of a secondary right in literary property is possible if the author grants the exclusive right to exploit the copyrighted work in the medium throughout the life of the copyright, *and* if the payment received for the transfer is not measured by a percentage of the receipts from the sale, performance, or publication of the copyrighted work, *and* if the consideration is not payable periodically over a period generally coterminous with the purchaser's use of the copyrighted work. In other words, the disposal of movie rights for a period of ten years would not be a sale in the tax sense. It would be a license, and the author could not take advantage of the "instalment sales" method. Neither would an arrangement by which payment to the author in any way depended on box-office receipts be a sale.

JOHNNIE: Next time I'll write poetry. Or else a psychological study of the tsetse fly. Something nobody except my mother will buy.

JOHNNIE JACKPOT scowls defiantly at the impassive shrouded figures of the Internal Revenue Service chorus. He looks at the taxman. He looks at the Form 1040 he holds in his ink-stained hand. He curses and swallows another bottle of Miltown. For one wild moment he almost decides to be an inventor. Then, as the curtain falls, we see the miserable wretch beginning to enter figures in the Form 1040. The Internal Revenue Service chorus smiles.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 3, 10, 4, 6, 1, 9, 8, 7, 2, 5. Column Three should read: 10, 7, 2, 9, 4, 5, 1, 6, 3, 8.

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(Continued from page 35)

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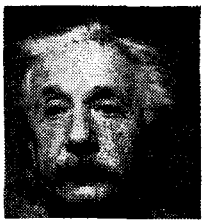
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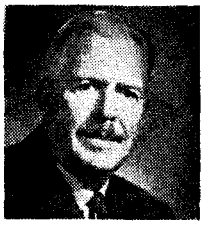
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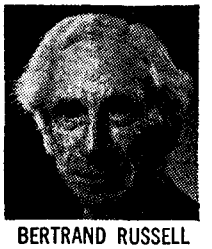
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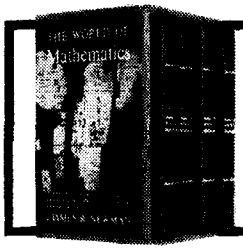

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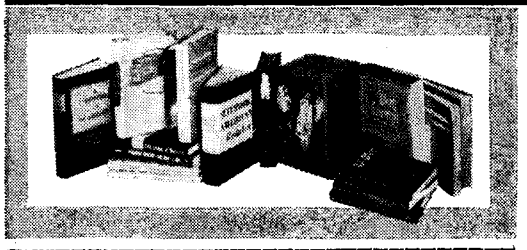

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *THE BROKEN MIRROR*
- *JACK AND THE SCIENCE-STALK*
- *FIGURING A FLOOD*

OUR masthead photograph this month would appear to depict a map of futura. And, in a sense, it does. We have as our guest Dr. William Mullins, of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories at Pittsburgh, who is making a map with an airbrush. He is blowing bubbles to define the internal geography of a metal that does not yet exist.

Metals are made up of crystals, and crystals are made up of atoms. The atoms must group themselves in orderly patterns or crystals will not form. Recently science has discovered that soap bubbles group themselves this same way. So Dr. Mullins is blowing his bubbles across a sheet of glass to learn what forms they naturally assume. Then, by imagining that the space separating one bubble from another is 6 million times smaller than it is on the glass, he and his laboratory colleagues can mentally picture an image of the crystal.

Permission is hereby granted to any science teacher who wishes to use the story of our bubble blower in the classroom. Young people ought to know, through living example, that gifted scientists are as creative as sculptors, painters, or poets. Certainly, Vincent Van Gogh never had to visualize a sunflower or a cypress tree in anything but the size his eye beheld.

• • •

A TALENTED scientific mind can sometimes penetrate the secrets of nature with uncanny precision. Take the fellows at Bell Telephone Laboratories at Murray Hill, New Jersey. Back in the early 1930s, when everyone else thought that everything worth knowing about the physical behavior of solid substances was already known, R. S. Ohl and J. H. Scaff discovered something that had been overlooked. Because of "holes" created by tiny impurities inside some crystals, it was possible to move electrons through the crystals in one chosen direction. That meant electricity could flow one way but not the other. Out of this discovery of semiconductors (semi because the substance conducts current in one direction, resists current in the opposite direction) William Shockley, John Bardeen, and W. H. Brattain developed the now famous transistor, which is rapidly replacing the vacuum tube as a source of power. Silicon was one semi-conducting substance, and eight Bell researchers—G. L. Pearson, G. K. Teal, Ernest Buehler, J. R. Haynes, J. H. Hornbeck, Baldwin Sawyer, D. K. Wilson, and N. B. Hannay—perfected it to the point where it would catch sunlight and convert the light into power. Two more men, C. S. Fuller and D. M. Chapin, threw their talents into the crystal factory and out came Bell's solar battery. During the winter of 1955-56 the solar battery carried telephone calls to farmhouses around the town of Americus, Georgia.

In the meantime, across the country at the University of California, a scientist in the Radiation Laboratory was investigating how nature catches sunlight and transforms it into green growth. For ten years Dr. Melvin Calvin (for some of his ideas, see RESEARCH FRONTIERS), professor of chemistry, used radioactive carbon as a tracer in following the process of photosynthesis. He solved many riddles, and at last came down to the mysterious first jump which nature makes from a gleam in the air to a green leaf. Recently, under a grant from the Atomic Energy Commission, he and a physicist, Dr. Power B. Sogo, decided it would be worthwhile to duplicate the operation of Bell's manmade solar battery and compare that to nature's mechanism. Their reason for doing so was that chloroplasts (the bits of cells that contain the light-capturing green plant pigment, chlorophyll) are built something like crystals with alternating layers of proteins, chlorophyll and fats similar to the ordered layers of a solar battery cell. So Drs. Calvin and Sogo took the chloroplasts and placed them in a magnetic field. Then they sent a radio-frequency wave through the field, once in the light and once in the dark. In comparing the two results they found that in the light (but not in the dark) there were free electrons in the chloroplasts. The light had bounced those electrons out of the chlorophyll in identically the same fashion that photons of sunlight bounce electrons through the solar battery to create electrical current. In short, the fellows at Bell Labs had been so imaginative that they actually copied nature's method of capturing and using sunlight—years before any man understood how nature herself did the job!

• • •

FOR many, many years now there has been a wide and deep chasm between sciences concerned with the physical world and sciences concerned with the social behavior of human beings. The physical scientists have proudly maintained that they

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You can't grow cabbages from rice. But the twelve-footers shown above would never have got Dr. S. H. Wittwer of Michigan State University up that stepladder if rice seedlings in Japan had not grown too fast with the "foolish disease." Oriental scientists hunting the cause of the rice "foolishness" found a fungus they called *Gibberella fujikuroi*. When they rubbed rice plants with the liquid in which *Gibberella fujikuroi* had grown the rice grew much taller than usual. From cultures of the fungus, the Japanese isolated crystalline *gibberellin* A and *gibberellin* B. These substances also stimulated plant growth. Since then British and American scientists, while trying to isolate the gibberellins, unexpectedly came upon a related stuff called gibberellic acid. Gibberellic acid is now being marketed by Charles Pfizer and Co. Only tiny amounts are required to make Jack-of-the-Beanstalk jealous.

always know exactly what they are measuring, whereas it is simply impossible to predict people.

The truth of this disparity was not greatly in doubt until the physical scientists began to explore the nucleus of the atom. Then they suddenly found themselves in what Dr. Robert Oppenheimer has called "a jungle full of strange animals," the particles inside the nucleus. The strangeness comes from disconcerting differences in the behavior of these particles under different circumstances. Familiar old particles like protons and neutrons, for instance, do not seem to act the same when they are free as they do when they are together inside the nucleus. And then there are two more newly discovered particles—the tau and the kappa—which seem to look and act alike with one important distinction: One (the kappa) gives birth to twins (pi mesons) when it disintegrates and the other (the tau) gives birth to triplets.

According to an established rule called parity, the tau and the kappa, being mirror images, ought to be the same. But there they were, one having twins and the other triplets. In trying to explain them, an experimenter from Duke University, Martin Block, last April made the suggestion that the trouble might not be with the tau and the kappa at all, but with the mirror. Maybe the rule of parity was wrong.

There were enough other apparent contradictions of the parity rule to encourage some new experiments. Dr. C. N. Yang of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton and Dr. T. D. Lee of Columbia University went to work with Cobalt 60, subjecting its radioactivity to a magnetic field and observing whether the number of electrons emerging from each of the magnetic poles was identical. When their preliminary results indicated that the numbers were not the same and that the mirror principle consequently might not be valid, three other researchers thought of a simpler way to reach a conclusive decision. Dr. Richard L. Garwin of the Watson Scientific Laboratory and Dr. Leon M. Lederman of Columbia set up an experiment with mu mesons. Mesons are supposedly the glue which holds the atomic nucleus together. The mu meson breaks down into a high energy electron and two neutral particles: neutrinos. If the poles of a magnet were reversed, would the electron flow from disintegrating mus be the same either way? It was not. And Dr. Garwin, sitting in the dark along the Hudson River, watching the flickering lights on his instruments at 5 o'clock on the morning of January 8, 1957, was the first man to know with certainty that a thirty-year-old mirror of science was broken. Reflection symmetry does not, after all, exist. Once again it was possible to start reconstructing the theory of physical science in its traditional frame, with hope of escaping the vagaries of human nature.

• • •

ONE OF the first scientific notables to attempt a theoretical reconstruction of the atom was Dr. Edward Teller, professor of physics at the University of California. During a week as resident lecturer at New York University's College of Engineering he postulated the existence of two new particles not now known. The only definite characteristics he was willing to ascribe to them were energy and momentum—the minimum possible for particles with the properties of light. But he said their existence would explain many things which scientists now observe but cannot fit into any logical picture.

• • •

IN contrast to the foregoing high-powered excitement, a novice in Des Moines, Iowa, started something that may have equally long range implications for science. Her name is Stephanie Ogden, and she goes to Franklin Junior High School. Being assigned to prepare an occupational report on anthropolgy for her class, she wrote to the Science Editor of *The Saturday Review* for advice. The Science Editor sent her inquiry on to the anthropology department of the American Museum of Natural History, and the head of the department, Dr. Harry Shapiro, wrote back to the Science Editor suggesting that organized science ought to do better by young people like Stephanie. Why, he wanted to know, shouldn't the American Anthropological Association draw up in printed or mimeographed form the basic information that youngsters want when they are considering anthropology as a profession? Why, as a matter of fact, shouldn't all the societies of the various branches of science do the same? A copy of this issue of SR/RESEARCH goes to the secretaries of all such societies, and who knows how many recruits for science will owe a promising future to Stephanie?

• • •

A FRIEND of SR/RESEARCH, associated with General Electric, reports an impression that the only letters received by *The Saturday Review* "are about lady poets." For evidence to the contrary, we suggest a reading of page 25 of this issue. Missing from the correspondence there, for lack of space, are a spate of communications to the Science Editor about GE's research chemist, Dr. Robert H. Wentorf, Jr. Last month this column said Dr. Wentorf has discovered how to make a new element. What Dr. Wentorf actually did was to discover a new compound: the cubic form of boron nitride, which is as hard as diamond. New elements can be made only through atomic chemistry, by scientists who either know or suspect that such elements are feasible. Dr.

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Wentorf's accomplishment was in many respects more difficult, for science was not at all sure a cubic form of boron nitride was possible.

• • •

PROBABLY the heaviest correspondence SR/RESEARCH has received in its year of life was on the subject of food additives and cancer (*SR* Oct. 6, 1956). Many readers asked to be informed about legislation in this area. We have been watching Washington and can now report that the Food and Drug Administration bill has not yet been offered to Congress. The proposed law provides what the Rome symposium on food and cancer advocated—a ban against addition of any chemical to food *until* the chemical has been proved free of any cancer threat. Officials of the Eisenhower administration responsible for the bill give no reason for the delay in pushing the law along.

• • •

AMONG the many scientists who have helped us in our struggle to translate the complexities of modern research into nonscientific language, none has been more friendly than the director of the American Institute of Physics, Dr. Henry A. Barton. So it is with considerable regret that we report Dr. Barton's coming retirement, on July 1, from the post he has held since the Institute was formed in 1931. During his term of office the AIP grew to include 18,000 physicists and to publish fifteen leading journals of physics. Come July, Dr. Barton will not step out but will step aside into part-time duty as Associate Director, while Dr. Elmer Hutchisson steps in as Director. Dr. Hutchisson is dean of the graduate school and director of the research division of the Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland, Ohio.

• • •

FLOOD—that wild rage of water that has frightened man since the days when he first pitched a tent on the bank of a flowing stream—may at last be conquered, by a robot.

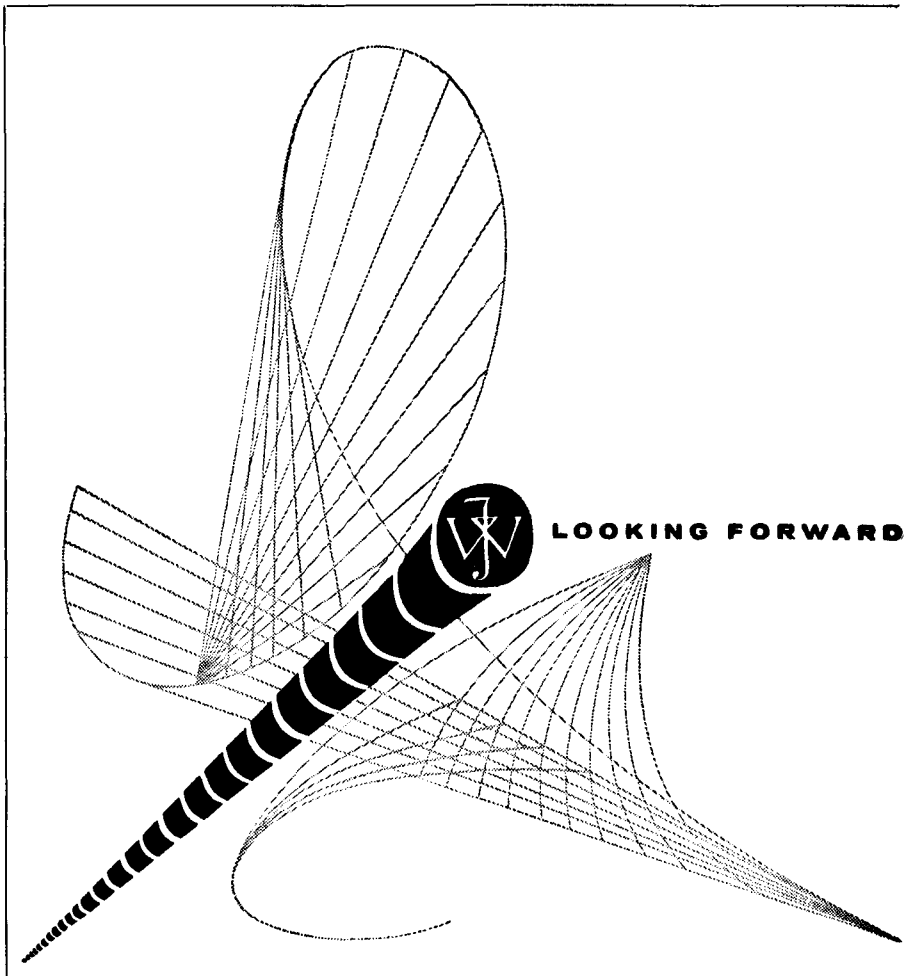
Prof. J. J. Stoker of New York University has worked out mathematical equations to tell which tributary of a rising river to dam up first, when to open and shut the sluice gates all along the waterway, how to predict the swell of a torrent, and where to place future dams to prevent recurrence of a flood threat.

A Univac computer using his formulas has accurately forecast an actual flood crest on the Ohio River within less than an inch and a half of the true level of the water. It took the Univac two hours to predict what the Ohio would do two weeks in the future along its 375 miles of meandering from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Cincinnati. The NYU mathematicians say faster computers, like the IBM 704, can turn out a one-hour prediction in four seconds.

• • •

THE crocodile tear is no longer worth its salt. Detection of its falsity is possible by chemical analysis. Dr. Robert Brunish, a member of the department of physiological chemistry at the University of California Medical Center, has reported in the *Archives of Ophthalmology* that tears loosed by emotion contain appreciably more albumin than do tears provoked, say, by an onion. Tears that begin profusely and stop abruptly are almost certain to be staged. But why are the scientists learning this only now?

—JOHN LEAR.
Science Editor.



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CHEMISTRY MAKES THE MAN

The problem of conformity has generally been discussed in a psychological and political context. Human chemistry, however, fixes individuality as a basic law of life, as the following article by Dr. Roger J. Williams, director of the Biochemical Institute at the University of Texas, makes clear. The article is drawn from his new book, "Biochemical Individuality" (John Wiley and Sons). Dr. Williams has accumulated his evidence for eighteen years, largely supported by the Clayton Foundation for Research (Houston). He arrays it here to prove that nature will not in the end allow us to be anything except our individual selves. As president of the American Chemical Society, he speaks with authority in proposing chemical anthropology as a new science.

By DR. ROGER J. WILLIAMS

"A MAN'S capable of understanding anything—how the ether vibrates and what's going on in the sun—but how any other man can blow his nose differently from him, that he's incapable of understanding."

Ivan Turgenev, the Russian novelist, was taking a dig at science when he wrote those words. With the artist's gift for glimpsing hidden truth, he understood intuitively that the desire to generalize and so to discover laws which govern nature can blind us to the distinctions which make each of us an individual.

Without generalizations and laws, science cannot exist. From the standpoint of developing a science of biology, it seems extremely desirable to formulate valid generalizations that will encompass all humanity, all mammals, or all members of any biological group. Actually, in the human-centered sciences directly related to medicine, there appears to be a strong tendency to focus attention on "normal man," a being about whom generalizations can be made. Almost any treatise which one may find dealing with the subjects of physiology, biochemistry, pharmacology, or physiological psychology is concerned almost wholly with "normal man" and his reactions. The broad significance of the variation which resides in each individual is most often neglected.

My own particular interest in this subject probably stems from the laboratory observation, over twenty years ago, that, although creatine (a vital substance in human tissue) was described in the scientific literature as bitter and biting, it was found to be absolutely tasteless to many. About the same time, I noted that some otherwise normal individuals were unable to detect the odor of a skunk. I began to be convinced more than ten years ago that *differences* between human beings (as well as their similarities) needed to be brought to light because they are crucially important factors which must be taken into account to solve many human problems.

To make the pertinence of my hypothesis clear, let us assume the existence of a population of ten men. All of them have about average height, about the same average foot size, about the average amount of hair on their heads, about the average tendency to put on body fat, about the average tendency to consume alcoholic liquors, about average sex urge, about the average type of lenses in their eyes (neither farsighted nor nearsighted), about average emotional reactions, about average digestive tracts, and about average teeth.

In this population the problem of finding a hotel bed long enough to sleep in doesn't exist; the problem of finding shoes that fit is negligible; dental problems are not serious; the problem of mental health may be absent; the problems of obesity, baldness, alcoholism, sex aberrations, nearsightedness, farsightedness, and indigestion are practically non-existent.

Do real populations fit this imaginary pattern? Or is the living makeup of your neighborhood closer kin to this hypothetical population of ten other men who are average or near average in other respects? One of these ten is six feet six inches tall, one has long and very narrow feet, one is highly rotund and finds it very difficult to reduce, one is completely bald, one is an alcoholic, one has an extreme sex urge, one is nearsighted, one is subject to fits of anger and depression, one suffers from digestive upsets, and one has very bad teeth.

It seems highly probable to me, at least well worth considering as a possibility, that a host of human problems, medical and non-medical, exist because the second imaginary group is the one which approaches, in principle, a typical population.

Although ancients and moderns alike have called attention to variability and individuality as factors particularly related to disease susceptibility and moderns have recognized that variability is indispensable to evolution, there has been comparatively little definitive study as to precisely how so-called normal individuals differ from each other. No attempt to bring together the available biochemical material on normal variation has been previously made so far as I know.

If one looks up the word "variability" in various indices, virtually nothing is found. Because many of the recorded observations which are pertinent have been made by those with little or no interest in individuality as such, it has not been possible to collect material in a highly systematic manner. Nevertheless, I am convinced of the substantial truth of my general thesis. And one of the studies I have uncovered would have been of special interest to Turgenev. It has to do with paranasal sinuses.

TRACINGS from successive X-ray pictures of the same two children taken at different ages show how the sinuses vary with age. It is not unusual for the combined paranasal and frontal sinuses in one normal child to have twenty or more times the volume of the corresponding sinuses in another normal child. These structures cannot vary in this way without there also being other simultaneous variations in the nasal and throat passages. It is the makeup of his peculiar respiratory apparatus, then, which helps decide how every individual breathes, sneezes, and blows his nose.

If the way we blow our noses were the only variation between us, it might be reasonable to accept the common point of view in biology, physiology, biochemistry, psychology, medicine, psychiatry, and social relations: that humanity can be divided into (1) the vast majority, possessing attributes which are within the normal range;

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(2) a small minority, possessing attributes far enough out of line so that they should be considered deviates. This point of view is more often tacitly assumed than expressed and is illustrated by the fact that when an obstetrician can inform a mother that her newborn child is "normal in every way," everyone is happy; but if the infant must be pronounced abnormal, everyone concerned is distressed.

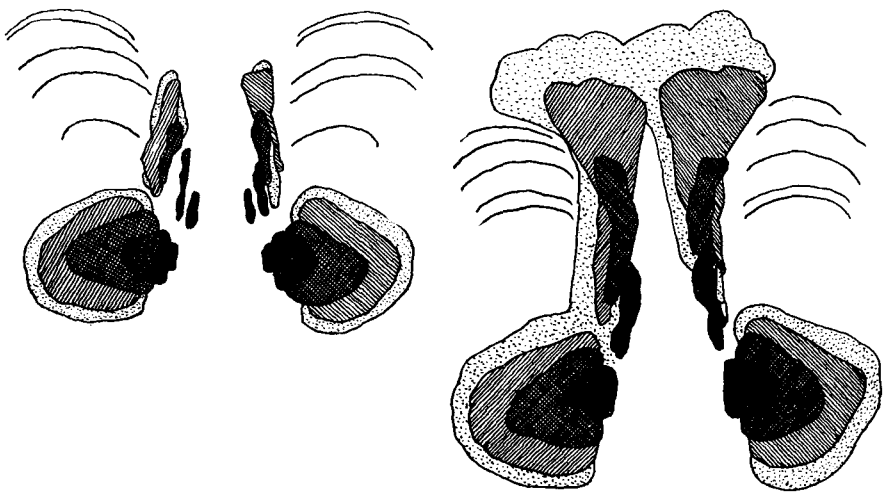
In biological work, the most accepted line of demarcation between normal and abnormal is the 95 per cent level. That is, all values lying outside those possessed by 95 per cent of the population may be regarded as deviant values. Any individual who possesses such deviant values may be regarded as a deviate. If 95 per cent of us blow our noses one way, we are normal; the remaining 5 per cent are abnormal.

But when we consider other differences than just our noses—differences not mathematically correlated to the differences in our noses—it becomes more difficult to say who is normal. If 95 per cent of people are normal with respect to one comparable item, only 90 per cent would be normal with respect to two items, 60 per cent would be normal with regard to ten items, and only a little better than half of 1 per cent when we include 100 items.

Individual human beings have never been measured in enough different ways to establish conclusive data. I propose to employ chemistry to fill the gaps. We need not neglect physical or social anthropology, but let us supplement these by the development of a new branch of learning, chemical anthropology. This basic and more intimate study of human nature will in my opinion contribute more to the understanding of ourselves and to the solution of human problems than physical anthropology or social anthropology together or separately have been able to do. The existence in every human being of a vast array of attributes which are potentially measurable (whether by present methods or not) makes quite tenable the hypothesis that *practically every human being is a deviate in some respects.*

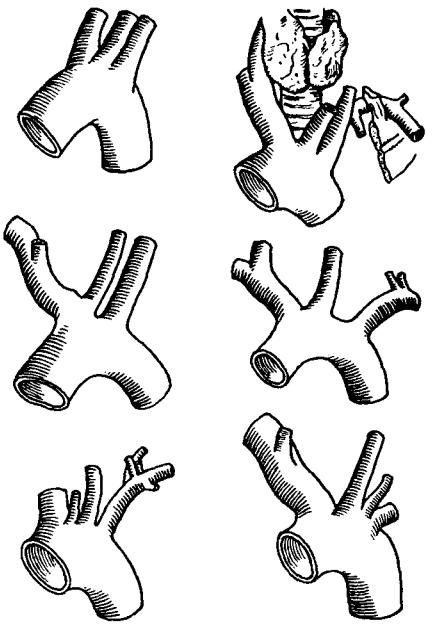
HAVING begun with differences in noses and then briefly explored differences in sinuses and throat passages, let us go on to examine the whole process of respiration. That large anatomical variations in the lungs and respiratory tract exist is perhaps most clearly demonstrated by a study of the functional activity in different healthy individuals. In a study of 209 healthy young men it was found that the average tidal air (the amount of air passing into and out of the lungs in an ordinary breath) varied from 350 to 1,299 cubic centimeters, and the ventilation varied from 3.5 to 14.4 liters per minute. The breathing rate varied from 4 to 20.9 respirations per minute. While these are physiological rather than anatomical data, it seems safe to conclude that they reflect substantial anatomical differences in the lungs.

The lungs deliver oxygen and expel carbon dioxide with the help of the heart action. Elementary students are taught to think of the heart as a pump built according to a simple straightforward pattern; any variations from the pattern which might exist would be trifling, except, of course, in "abnormal" cases. Actually, the forms of the heart valves vary so much as to make one almost doubt that the hearts are from the same species. Accompanying the variations in heart anatomy are variations in function as well. In a series of 182 normal young men it was found that the heart rates ranged from 45 to 105 beats per minute. The pumping capacities of normal hearts vary from 3.16 to 10.81 liters of blood per minute. Furthermore, there



—From "Biochemical Individuality" (John Wiley).

Backstairs in two noses, same age. Lightening shadows mark growth with years.



—From Barry J. Anson's "Atlas of Human Anatomy."

The main pipes to six normal hearts.

are wide variations from individual to individual with respect to the circulatory system, the size of the respective blood vessels, and their distribution patterns.

One might suppose that the main arteries arising out of the aorta, which comes directly from the heart, would always branch in about the same way and follow the same general pattern. This is not the case. The number of arteries coming directly out of the aortic arch varies from two to four, and the same specific artery varies in size from person to person, giving one individual as much as three times the blood carrying facility as another. The branching of arteries differs not only at the aortic arch but continues throughout the body. Bodies, therefore, must differ greatly with respect to the relative (as well as absolute) blood supply of different parts, organs, and tissues of the body, including the heart itself. For the metabolism of every part of the body is limited by the quality and quantity of the blood it receives.

The blood itself shows wide variations in its makeup. Some types of cells are relatively abundant in the blood of certain individuals but are practically absent from the blood of others. A study of 547 well persons, made at different seasons, found wide inter-individual variations in the albumin (the protein fraction which is concerned with loss of blood in event of shock), globulin (which contains antibodies against disease), and fibrinogen (which causes clotting to staunch open wounds) contents of their blood. Individual bloodstreams likewise carry their own specific cargoes of metal

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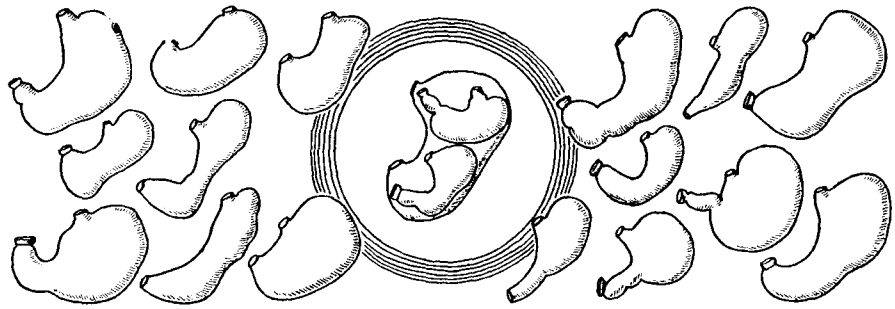

—*From Barry J. Anson's "Atlas of Human Anatomy" (W. B. Saunders Co.)*

One man's stomach (circle) might hold two of many other normal sizes, shapes.

ions, amino acid, and other vitamins.

The blood can feed the body only the quality and quantity of nutriment delivered to it from the digestive system. That system goes into operation with the act of swallowing. Swallowing is easier, other things being equal, if one's esophagus is large. A person with a small esophagus, on the other hand, may have to eat slowly or may have difficulty in swallowing large capsules or stomach tubes in a doctor's office. The effort, in fact, may be considerable; for the cross-section of one esophagus might be four times smaller than that of another.

THEN, too, human stomachs vary greatly in size and shape. Some empty much faster than others. The position of the stomach in the body is also widely variable. The bottom of the stomach may be anywhere from about one to nine inches below the sternum (tip of the breastbone). The size and location of the liver (whose function is intimately related to digestion, absorption and metabolism) is equally unpredictable from one person to another. The pathways followed by the intestines are likewise diverse, the transverse colon crossing anywhere from the level of the sternum to a foot below that point. The most important digestive juices in the body are routed over different traffic patterns in different individuals, the concentration of the juices themselves changes from person to person (the greatest extremes of pepsin and hydrochloric acid being found in nervous and temperamental individuals), saliva is known to be highly individual in its makeup and behavior. Although the problem has been studied intensively for twenty-five years and a $15,000 prize was once offered for its solution, no one has ever been able to say with certainty that a certain amount of vitamin A is the correct proportion for the diet of even most people.

Concentration on "the normal human being" causes us to miss seeing relationships among the "aberrations" I have been describing. Investigators not infrequently tend to throw out such data as spurious when the observations are too diverse or too far removed from what was expected. Many would feel perfectly justified in rejecting one analysis out of fifty if it appeared out of line with the others. Sound experimental studies have been abandoned in some cases because the measurements were too divergent from those expected to "make sense."

If my hypothesis is correct, every observation must be weighed as a wholly valid and potentially significant one. To do otherwise is to ignore the innumerable reminders of nature. Consider how each diner at a table apportions his food and salts it to his taste. Consider how alcohol varies in its effect on different personalities: some become drowsy, some sad, some happy, some pugnacious. The side effects of drugs are infinite. Responses to pain, heat, cold, electrical shock, and sexual excitement are as numerous as the people who experience them. The Biblical statement that the hairs on your head are numbered can be extended to say that the hairs on one head have a chemical composition distinct from the hairs on another head. Skins vary in many respects other than color. Growth and reproductive glands come in various shapes and sizes, each with its own particular amount of secretion. There is even an individual quota of calcium in an individual umbilical cord.

All geneticists are agreed that what is inherited by organisms from their forebears is a range of capacities to respond to a range of environments. An important feature in the mechanism of inheritance from the standpoint of this discussion lies in the existence of what have been inelegantly called "leaky genes" or less picturesquely "partial genetic blocks." It has come to be the opinion of many workers in the field of biochemical genetics that partial genetic blocks are the rule rather than the exception. Partial genetic blocks permit organisms not only to inherit potentialities for carrying out chemical reactions efficiently but also to inherit impaired potentialities which allow the reactions to take place less efficiently under prevailing conditions. As two genetic authorities, R. P. Wagner and H. K. Mitchell, have put it: "Although mutation is a sudden event, it can produce almost any degree of effect from those barely detectable by known means to those too extreme for a cell to survive."

It seems desirable at this point to call attention to what, for want of a better designation, I shall call *the principle of genetic gradients*. The principle may be crudely stated as follows: Whenever an extreme genetic character appears in an individual organism, it should be taken as an indication (unless there is proof to the contrary) that less extreme and graduated genetic characters of the same sort exist in other organisms.

ON THE basis of this principle we should expect not only that the chemical reactions of the body as a whole would vary from individual to individual, but also that the chemical reactions taking place in any specific organ or tissue would vary in efficiency from individual to individual. The production of each digestive enzyme should vary in effectiveness from individual to individual; the phosphorylating enzymes, which are essential to absorption (as well as to a multitude of other processes), should be expected to vary in effectiveness from individual to individual. Not only may such variations exist, but also the phosphorylating enzyme in the intestinal wall might be "strong" in individual one and "weak" in individual two, whereas a similar enzyme might be "strong" in the kidney of individual two and "weak" in individual one. On the basis of such diversities as these, the ways and the extent to which members of the human population can vary from one to another are limitless.

When an individual fertilized egg has a genetic makeup so much at variance that its environment is inadequate, the individual egg fails to develop. If, during embryonic development, a particular ovum has needs which cannot be satisfied in the environment provided, then it either dies or its organs and functions fail to develop in well-rounded fashion. If, during childhood, the individual has nutritional needs which are not fully satisfied, his metabolism is altered accordingly; growth becomes retarded or distorted. If, during adulthood, the individual—through ignorance or for other reasons—fails to meet his particular nutritional needs, he becomes deficient, and this deficiency may contribute to all manner of disease and disease susceptibility. As the individual ages, some of his organs and tissues fail earlier than others because,

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in accordance with their genetic patterns, they have special characteristics or weaknesses.

This discussion may make it appear that malformation, susceptibility to infection and disease, and degeneration are all foreordained and inevitable consequences of the genic pattern set up in the original fertilized egg cell. Precisely the opposite is true. It should be possible, theoretically at least, to meet the needs of almost any developing ovum, even though these needs are unusual, *provided the needs are known.* If these needs are known and can be consistently met throughout life, then development proceeds in a regular fashion regardless of the presence of untoward structures and partial genetic blocks which augment special needs; no deficiencies develop during childhood, adulthood, or old age, and the individual lives his full span of years.

The science of nutrition, up to the present time, has been concerned with what applies to *all human beings.* Nutrition in future decades will, if the genetrophic principle expounded here is sound and as important as the data indicate, turn its attention more and more to understanding and supplying *individual* needs—needs that quantitatively do not apply to all humanity but are more or less distinctive and crucial for individuals.

Perhaps the most important application of nutrition to the study of biochemical individuality will come in the treatment of mental disease. Both from observation and direct experiment we know that starvation itself gives rise to psychoneurotic, if not psychotic, behavior. If our concepts of individuality are correct, then any specific starvation regime might yield quite different results in different individuals. This is actually the case. In semistarvation experiments some individuals were affected much more than others, and different types of psychoneurotic behavior were noted.

Most significant, however, is the well known fact that niacin (a vitamin) deficiency produces pronounced psychoses, and supplying the missing nutrient causes an immediate remission of the psychotic symptoms. There is no question in this case that an enzyme system in the brain has been impaired because of the absence of an essential building material and that brain metabolism has been deranged as a consequence. Thiamine (another vitamin) deficiency also has induced psychoneuroses involving depression, irritability, anxiety, increased sensitivity to noise and painful stimuli. In all cases the psychological symptoms are eliminated or prevented by the administration of adequate amounts of thiamine. Here again is a clearcut case in which mental disease can be caused by a nutritional deficiency and cured by supplying adequate amounts of the missing nutritional factor.

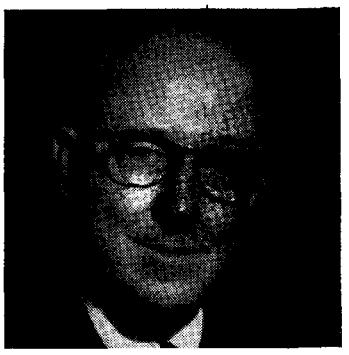
Whatever happens to other parts of the body in starvation, the brain maintains its original weight, composition and presumably its metabolism. Brain metabolism is at least ten times as active as that of average tissue including bone. Furthermore, this metabolism is maintained and must be maintained as long as normal mental functioning persists. It is nourished by blood that is distinctive, contributes to the distinctive excretion patterns, is poisoned in its own distinctive manner by a variety of agents including drugs, etc., and is subject to nutritional deficiencies which manifest themselves in a distinctive manner. Here is another place to look (aside from childhood experiences relied on by the Freudians) for the origin of character traits and mental attitudes.

A general formula might be applied: (1) Select a disease the etiology of which is unknown, schizophrenia, for example. (2) Explore for metabolic and anatomical peculiarities which may be associated with the disease or susceptibility to it. (3) Seek to correct the condition by applying the genetotrophic principle.

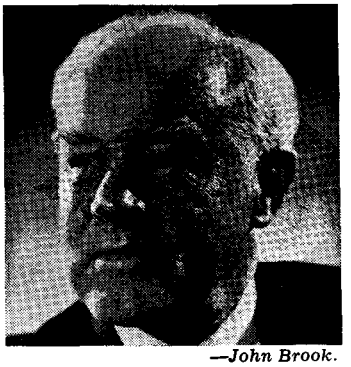
This approach to mental disease involves a procedure that has been slighted because a lack of *the intensive study of human individual differences—anatomical, physiological, and biochemical.*

WHAT I have been saying is, I believe, not out of line with the best psychiatric thought in America today. The physical and chemical bases for mental ill health have been recognized more fully as time has gone on. It is estimated that three-fifths of all mental disorders are now recognized to have an organic basis. Dean Simmons, of Harvard School of Public Health, has said, "In our current preoccupation with theories of psychic and vague environmental causes, we are dealing with what, at the most, could merely be secondary or immediate causes of mental disturbances. . . . May it not be possible that we could more profitably try to discover and remove the specific biologic causes of the mental diseases?"

Equally far-reaching social implications of biochemical individuality can be seen in the musculature of human hands. It is often supposed that the human hand is a standard piece of equipment which all normal people possess. Actually, hands do not all



DR. HENRY A. BARTON (*Director, American Institute of Physics*): "The concept which Dr. Williams calls Chemical Anthropology has implications for all of science. In urging the study of individuality, he implicitly observes that science itself is fundamentally creative, and can be evolved only from the wellspring of creativity which is the individual human mind. Every person who knows he is unique by nature will be equipped to understand the inability of the scientist—be he chemist, anthropologist, physicist, or whatever—to recognize any 'established' way of thinking."



—*John Brook.*

ALAN GREGG, M.D. (*Vice President, retired, Rockefeller Foundation*): "Dr. Williams's refreshing message accentuates the meaning and significance of the exceptional, the peculiar, the individuality of the individual. The new insights which he develops should be explored by every student of medicine. It behooves students of human biology to examine with as much imagination as rigor the kinds of thinking we apply to our observations of living tissue. Especially in clinical work we need to be chary of assuming uniformly sufficient single causation or cause for events."

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work in the same way. Muscles, tendons, and nerves follow many different pathways. Even if these variations did not exist, it would still be true that nerve impulses do not always travel at the same speeds. Children may be given the same copybooks and taught writing in exactly the same manner, but in the end each will write distinctively because his hands, including the nerve connections, are distinctive and different. For some, it is extremely difficult to learn to write legibly at all, yet this does not lessen their ability in other ways.

To the author it appears that on the basis of the information just presented, *highly* skilled watchmakers, typists, violinists, pianists, scientific experimenters, mechanics, surgeons, masseurs, and magicians are probably born *and* made. No one without the requisite hands, anatomically and neurologically, regardless of his other endowments, could really excel in these fields, and no one can become expert without training and practice. It seems important from the standpoint of conservation of human resources that individuals who have unusual manual endowments be given the necessary training.

It is interesting that we have already applied the principle of biochemical individuality to the organ we most rely on to perceive the world around us—the eye. We are used to buying spectacles that often would be absolutely worthless to anyone except the individual for whom they are made. In doing so we have not abandoned the traditional generalizing approach of the scientist. As long as we have much to learn about the fundamentals of vision, it is highly appropriate that those who find the field alluring continue in their intriguing attempts to find out the basic answers. The moment, however, that one begins to apply knowledge about vision to the practical end of improving people's vision, then biological individuality becomes crucial. The same rule can be applied to study of every aspect of human life.

Biology and medicine are not the only potential beneficiaries of the point of view developed in the foregoing paragraphs. Effects also can be foreseen for anthropology, psychology, child development, education, and even religion, business, law and politics. These, however, are outside the scope of this report. Neither is there space to do more than suggest a new approach to such tantalizing mysteries as why a man has the "master" smell to his dog, why one person attracts mosquitoes and another does not, or how—as Turgenev might have put it—a man whose dog has fleas can understand a man who has fleas himself.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XIII

COSMIC WEATHERMAN

April Showers Don't Impress Prof. Kenneth Greisen, of Cornell, Who Catches Invisible Rainfall in a Space Funnel the Year Round

KENNETH GREISEN says he is just an ordinary fellow. Taller than most men, yes, and thinner than many. Sparser on top, perhaps, than a man of thirty-nine might choose to be. But in nowise radically different from any other husband and father who sings in the church choir, coaches Little League baseball through the spring and summer, whops a volleyball on pickup teams at the shop each week, and rubbernecks like a hayseed on out of town trips.

"To hear people talk," he protests, "you'd think a scientist must be queer in some way. I don't know where they get the idea. All the scientists I know are just like me, ordinary fellows."

Scientists obviously wouldn't be as poorly understood as they are today if all (or even most) of them were willing to interest themselves in the common affairs of a society whose inevitable majority are undistinguished mortals. That much has been said with emphasis by the Committee on the Social Aspect of Science of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Maybe there is something for science to learn from Kenneth Greisen and his attitude. For a perceptive person does not take long to learn that Kenneth Greisen cannot be called ordinary.

To most of us, for example, showers are one of the special excitements of April. They fall on us from clouds that pass low overhead. We can see the drops glisten in the air. We can watch the water splash and spatter on the ground. But the rain that enchants Kenneth Greisen falls the year round. He has to imagine it, for he cannot see it. Invisible and mysterious, it pours down through the inscrutable depths of space which separate us from the blackness among the stars.

The timeless showering of cosmic rays upon the earth was fascinating man a generation before long-legged Professor Greisen went to Ithaca, New York, to join the physics faculty of Cornell University, years before he earned his Cornell Ph.D., even before he was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Ever since their existence was first adduced, in 1902, to explain the otherwise unexplainable behavior of a manmade cloud designed to catch the secrets of atmospheric electricity, these mysterious particles have been watched for clues of their origin.

It is like playing hide and seek with a will-o-the-wisp. Professor Greisen has no better luck than other men in catching a glimpse of a cosmic ray. Passage of these particles through the air is detectable only because of the electric charges they throw off. And although they have been tracked for half a century, their birthplace remains unknown.

From fragments of information the electric charges have brought to earth, physicists have fashioned a theory of what cosmic rays are like. According to this entirely mental conception, the rays are originally atoms, mostly hydrogen, some helium and lithium, a few of many other common elements including tin and iron, all flying around far out in the sky. Somewhere somehow these atoms are suddenly seized and thrown with enormous force, as though by a giant slingshot.

Eminent and imaginative scientists have compared atoms to onions in the sense that both have a pungent compact center enclosed in a nest of intricately interlocked shells. In atoms, the shells are electrons. And if we may use the same literary license that

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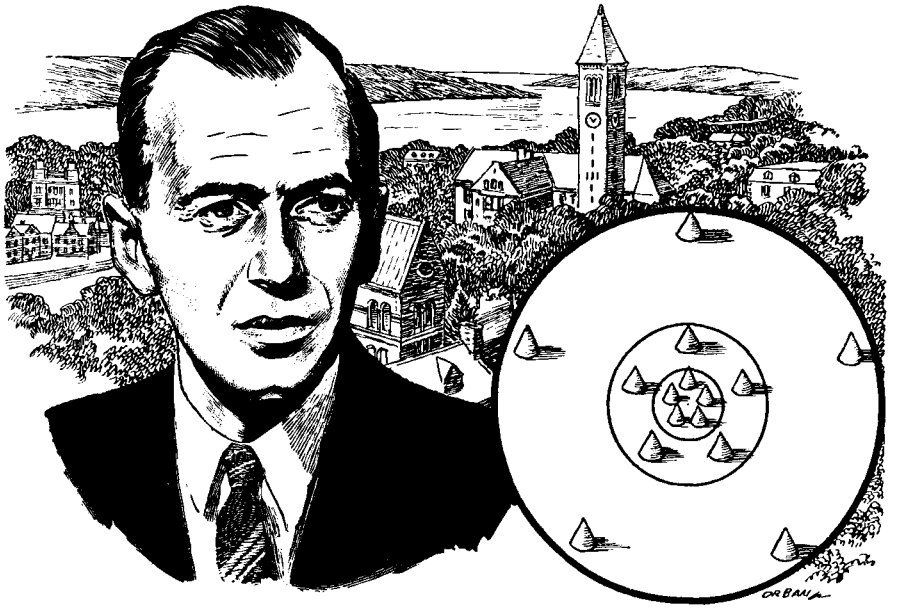

An artist's sketch of Prof. Kenneth Greisen and his cosmic ray funnel.

permitted a poet to write of raining daffodils, it is not inappropriate in the month of April to speak of cosmic rays as a showering of figurative spring onions. For what literally happens to the atoms which become cosmic rays is that they travel through space so fast that their electron shells are torn off and strewn along the path. This process is called ionization and the atomic nuclei which remain after the shells are gone are called ions.

The ions fly along, gradually wearing off energy and speed. Some simply die and disappear. Some hit other atoms a glancing blow, tearing one or more electrons from their outer shells. Some hit other atoms squarely, drive directly into their nuclei and smash those atoms to pieces. The pieces fall in showers, not quite so fast or so powerful as the original (primary) rays but energetic enough to smash still other atoms and create yet bigger (secondary) showers. By the time these particles reach the top of earth's atmosphere (all semblance to the heavy blanket which covers us here on the surface is gone 100,000 feet up) a ray is pelting every square inch of sky every second. But by that time the proportion of primary rays in the downpour is reduced to one in every square mile every month. When the shower has cascaded all the way to earth itself, the particles in it may total a billion. And, relatively weak though they are, they still carry enough energy to pass through houses and furniture and our bodies, accounting in part for what has become known as the "background radiation" of the Atom Age and probably playing a subtle role in our own gradual aging.

Samples of rain from terrestrial showers are caught by professional weathermen and funneled into measuring cans. The direction and speed of the wind are checked with a weathervane and anemometer. No one ever asks which way it is raining. Professor Greisen, in his professional approach to the invisible electrical storms which come from outer space, has to be one up on the groundlings at the Weather Bureau. He works with an electronic funnel, composed mostly of open air, which not only measures the energy precipitation of cosmic rays but tells from which direction they are falling.

Half a square mile of the Cornell campus in Ithaca is encompassed by Professor Greisen's funnel. In fact, the funnel's outer rim is more than 1,000 yards across and swings over the rooftops of University buildings, off the campus and through the corner of a field where Cornell girls play hockey, into and out of a porch on the third floor of Professor Greisen's house. At five points along that rim, including the corner of the hockey field and the Greisen porch, conical shapes are set, like titan dixie cups turned upside down. About 375 yards inside the funnel rim is a smaller circle studded with five more cones perched on University roofs. And 162 yards within that ring are five cones more, clustered closely about the Newman Laboratory of Nuclear Studies in the funnel's throat. Each cone is a photographic dark room with a plastic floor that lights up momentarily whenever the electrical charge from a cosmic ray flits across the dark. The flashes of light are photographed electronically by a robot eye and impressions are wired automatically to a central projection room. In this round-about second-hand way Professor Greisen comes as close as any man ever does to seeing the cosmic rain.

The falling rays traverse the space from one circle of the funnel to the next in millionths of a second of time. By noting at what segment of the rim a shower enters the funnel, where it crosses the intermediate circle and whether it reaches the funnel's throat, Dr. Greisen hopes in the next two years to obtain some new information about the prevailing directions of cosmic ray travel.

The angle from which secondary showers arrive is only one clue to the origin of the original rays. Another clue is the force with which the showers enter Dr. Greisen's funnel. It must be remembered that the earth is a magnet, attracting electrically charged particles to its poles and repulsing them elsewhere. Hence approaching cosmic rays must be strong enough to overcome the repulsion if they are not to be turned back into space. Even before that challenge arises, the rays probably have to battle star dust (which is also electromagnetic) through which they pass en route. With a device which mimics the electromagnetic force of the earth and the star dust on a minuscule scale, Dr. Greisen measures the strength of the showers by observing the manner and extent of the particles' deflection.

NO ONE man is likely to explain all the unknowns of cosmic ray behavior. However, it is important to have as many explanations as possible, as quickly as possible, because these mysterious wanderers are considered to be one of the most serious hazards man must face in very high altitude flying. The National Science Foundation is supporting fifteen different cosmic ray experiments in this country, and others are being conducted in England, Russia, India and Japan. Despite his prominence in cosmic ray research, Dr. Greisen has no illusions about himself, his research associate (Dr. Seinosuke Ozaki of Tokyo) and three graduate students in relation to the experimental network. He knows too well the need for scientific teamwork, from his experience on the atom bomb and later projects at Los Alamos. Anyhow, he isn't a glory seeker. He isn't even sure that his son and daughter (their mother was a bacteriologist before she married) are sufficiently impressed by his career to cause either of them to become a scientist. "Do you expect your children to be writers or editors?" he asked us, and we understood a little better why Kenneth Greisen says he is just an ordinary fellow. —NAOMI WEBER AND J. L.

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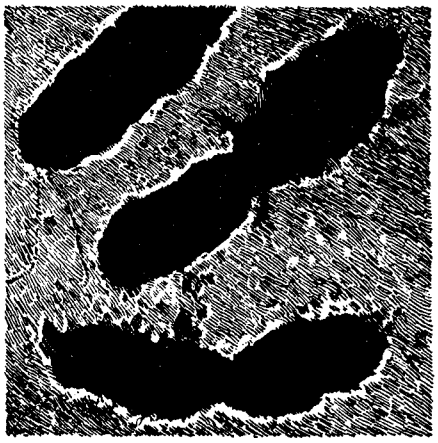
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE SEAGOING GERM

Scavenger of the Ocean Depths, Six Miles Down, It Is Nicknamed "Pressure Lover"



"Pressure lovers" multiplying on the slide of a microscope.

IT HAS been known for a long time that bacteria occur abundantly in shallow seas. There has been little opportunity, however, to look for bacteria in the deep sea. Many authorities had questioned the existence of living organisms in oceanic abysses owing to the high hydrostatic pressure, low temperature, alleged lack of food, and other adverse environmental conditions. The Galathea Expedition was the first to afford facilities for collecting and examining material from the greatest known depths of the ocean. A feeling of intense excitement and expectation inspired every officer, seaman, and scientist on the *Galathea* on July 15, 1951, as the first sample of mud was hauled up from a depth of 10,060 metres (just over six miles) at Station No. 413 in the Philippine Trench. Many questions raced through the mind or were on the lips: What is the chemical composition of the mud? What would it reveal regarding life on the ocean bottom?

In order to avoid contaminating the mud sample, clean sterile instruments were employed to remove small portions for bacteriological analysis. Extremely thin films of the freshly collected material were spread on glass slides for examination with a microscope. A magnification of nearly a thousand diameters made it possible to see many small bodies in the mud. Under the microscope, some of these bodies appeared to be about the size and shape of the periods on this page. Others were curved, comma-like bodies; more were straight rods resembling the printed dash or hyphen of various lengths and widths. Unquestionably they were bacteria—cocci, vibrio, spirilla, and bacilli. Unfortunately, however, microscopic examination failed to prove whether the bacteria were living or dead.

To determine if the bacteria were alive, small quantities of the mud were planted in glass tubes (about the size of one's little finger) containing nutrient medium prepared with sea water, peptone, and yeast extract. Each tube was then closed with a sterile neoprene stopper. The stoppers prevented extraneous microbes from getting into the tubes and also compressed the mixture to approximate the pressure on the deep-sea floor.

In families of twenty-five, the stoppered tubes were placed in stainless steel cylinders designed to withstand internal pressures up to 2,000 atmospheres. After displacing the air from the cylinders with cold water, the cylinders were closed pressure-tight and connected by means of a hollow stainless steel tube to a hydraulic pump. The pump compressed the water around the tubes until the mud from 10,060 metres down was under a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres at a temperature of 3° C (37.4 Fahrenheit), approximately the pressure and temperature prevailing at the bottom of the Philippine Trench.

After several days' incubation in the refrigerator the pressure was re-

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leased, the steel cylinders were opened, and the nutrient medium was examined. It was found that bacteria from the deep-sea mud had reproduced in great numbers and, furthermore, they had affected the chemical composition of the medium. Thus, it was proved that the bacteria from the deep-sea floor were alive and physiologically active; the first conclusive proof of living organisms occurring at such great depths.

These bacteria grew in nutrient mediums when incubated at 1,000 atmospheres but not in similar mediums incubated at one atmosphere. Since the deep-sea forms seem to require high pressure, they have been described as barophilic, a term that means pressure-loving.

Additional observations on samples subsequently collected from other stations in the Philippine Trench, Java Deep, Weber Deep, New Britain Trench, and Kermadec-Tonga Trench established the occurrence of an abundant barophilic bacterial flora on the sea floor at depths ranging from 7,000 to 10,000 metres. The total weight of bacteria is estimated to be a minimum of 0.002 grams per square metre of deep-sea bottom; perhaps ten times this weight of bacteria live there.

How rapidly do they grow or reproduce in the deep sea? We do not yet know, but in the laboratory they reproduce every few hours in nutrient sea-water medium held at the same pressure and temperature that prevail on the sea floor.

Reproduction occurs by simple fission, the parent cell dividing to form two daughter cells. Under favorable conditions, the daughter cells reach maturity within two to twenty hours, during which time they reproduce by dividing. The resultant four cells give rise to eight, the eight to sixteen, etc., assuming there is no mortality. Obviously, however, not all of the bacteria in the ocean find conditions suitable for reproduction and many more never live long enough to reproduce.

PERHAPS the principal cause of bacterial mortality is the predatory animals which feed upon bacteria in much the same way that cattle or sheep graze the grass from pasture lands. The cattle or sheep may leave grass standing in the pasture, but more continues to grow. In a somewhat similar manner, marine animals (protozoans, worms, sponges, filter feeders, and mud-eaters) are believed to graze off the bacteria until the standing crop is reduced. What percentage of the food of deep-sea animals the bacteria represent remains problematical, but it may be appreciable. About the only other sources of food at that depth are the bodies or parts of animals and plants raining down from the photosynthetic zone (the first 400 feet beneath the surface of the water, where sunlight from the sky above gives life to floating pastures of microscopic sea plants).

The thinking reader will wonder how the deep-sea bacteria obtain their food or nourishment. The answer lies in the fact that because of their voracious appetites, bacteria are the principal scavengers in the sea. They consume virtually all types of organic matter regardless of its composition or state—particulate, colloidal, or dissolved. All classes of carbohydrates, proteins, and lipids are digested. Bacteria thrive on organic wastes such as animal excrement. They attack and quickly decompose the remains of both plants and animals. A few species, known as pathogens, start to digest plants and animals even before the infected organisms are dead. So effective are bacteria in decomposing or mineralizing organic wastes that the ocean has been described as the world's largest and most efficient septic tank.

—CLAUDE E. ZOBELL AND RICHARD Y. MORITA *in "The Galathea Deep Sea Expedition" (©The Macmillan Company, $8).*

NOT QUITE SO FAR DOWN: We turned on the lights in the cabin (of the bathyscape) and glanced at the pressure gauges: the pressure was 45 atmospheres, showing that we were almost 250 fathoms down. We put out the light, and were in absolute darkness. I looked through the porthole; like a shooting star, a luminous dot crossed my visual field. A living thing! Animal or vegetable? In this darkness true plants cannot live. We saw several of these phosphorescent animals, sometimes solitary, sometimes in a group, then once more the opaque shadows round us. Lower down I noticed a creature more brilliant than others, more distant, surrounded by a halo of light: it looked like a planet in misty weather. It was too far off for me to be able to make out the shape. A single fish showed itself, about 4—8 in. long, and also slightly phosphorescent. When we lit the 5,000-candlepower projector —its beam was directed downwards— a quantity of small bodies appeared, luminous dots standing out against a dark background. The water was admirably limpid; when no animalcule was within range the lightbeam was practically invisible.

—AUGUSTE PICCARD, *in "Earth, Sky, and Sea" (Oxford University Press, $4).*

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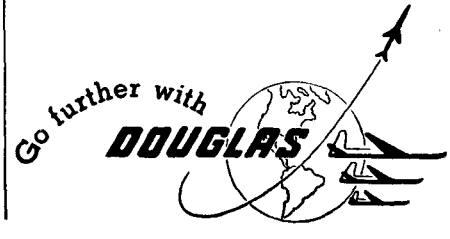

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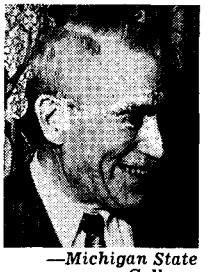
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

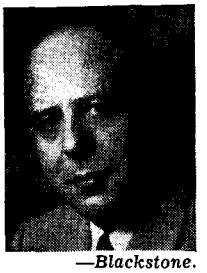
WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.*


—Michigan State College.

DR. HARRISON R. HUNT *(Michigan State University):* We hope someday to control tooth decay in much the same way as we now control typhoid fever, bubonic plague, diphtheria, and other diseases. The colors of eyes or hair are the end result of a sequence of events in the development of an organism which begins with genes in the fertilized egg. We believe cavities in teeth are the result of a similar process. Over the past twenty years the influence of heredity on tooth decay has been confirmed by the development of two strains of rats—one susceptible and the other resistant to decay. Study is now concentrated on finding the hereditary conditions which end in tooth decay in man. If we can find the process which comes just before the cavity, perhaps we can stop that process and prevent decay.

—University of California.

DR. MELVIN CALVIN *(University of California—Berkeley):* The fragmentation of science into specialties is a serious hazard of modern research. We need specialization, of course, for the expansion of knowledge and technique has made mastery of a single discipline difficult enough. But we also need to encourage a daring spirit in young scientists. We need to say to our students: "You must master a special discipline. But you must also learn to escape from that discipline when the need arises. If in your research you find something that arouses your curiosity, do not drop it simply because it requires knowledge of another science. Acquire what knowledge and skill you need, and enlist the collaboration of other specialists to pursue knowledge wherever it may lead." Our own work in photosynthesis during the past decade is a good example of this kind of "despecialization." We use the knowledge and skills of chemistry, biology, and physics, and have evolved new laws and principles in all these fields. Chemists interested only in chemistry would not have been likely to elucidate the photosynthetic cycle. Nature does not make simple divisions of phenomena into physics, chemistry, and biology. Our greatest future progress may lie in the hands of men who are willing and able to ignore artificial classifications.


—Blackstone.

EMIL OTT *(Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation):* The very old, but relatively neglected field of organometallic chemistry has sporadically shown bursts of brilliance, as exemplified by lead tetraethyl (in gasoline), and more recently, the aluminum alkyls (catalysts in the manufacture of artificial fibers). The production of related substances containing still other elements, as for example silicon to yield silicones (in very hard finishes to substitute for varnish), has led to equally spectacular successes. Many indications suggest that still further organic hybrids containing other than the conventional elements bonded to carbon (phosphorus, for instance, is being added to gasoline to release more power, and aluminum and boron are being linked to give still more push to propulsion fuel) will become important from both a scientific and technological point of view.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1202

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Plenty; high living.	155 36 84 165 167 70 63 128 23
B. Nickname of Napoleon III (1808-73).	113 25 77 185 15 126 2 83 169
C. Wager; risk.	127 55 149 32 160 196
D. Singing star along with Helen Morgan in Ziegfeld Follies of 1931 (full name).	80 64 24 97 139 180 20 39 104 171
E. British ambassador to U.S. in the Twenties; first Baron of Penrith (2 wds.; 1863-1939).	12 176 62 75 89 33 28 179 52 163
F. The three stars of Orion's Belt.	6 190 194 181 140 43 76
G. Lustrous.	134 159 91 136 38
H. Grow soft or gentle.	1 147 151 35
I. Walk around; move about.	90 135 41 170 107 68 92 122
J. Mental unbalance (slang).	40 60 111 96 93 138 182 148 69
K. Insect which stores up honey in nests often built underground.	172 191 94 130 173 27 53 78 98
L. Unlikely to be true or to occur.	144 5 109 14 18 189 10 193 161 132
M. Colloq. for most courageously persistent.	9 168 125 65 87 46 37 145 157

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Only partly conscious (camp.).	178 129 8 59 71 67 117 114 81
O. Movable airfoil at trailing edge of tailless airplane, with double function.	95 186 192 16 115 73
P. Tediously iterative.	99 162 141 184 177 133 74 156 7 187 45
Q. U.S. educator, writer (contemp.; "The People's Part in Peace," etc.).	13 51 86 85
R. Amer. industrialist and political leader, a founder and manager of Cooper Union (1822-1903).	21 54 146 108 166 105
S. Flattered in a servile way.	31 82 56 143 29 88 152 44
T. Portia's clever waiting-woman ("Merchant of Venice").	137 100 183 174 103 124 106
U. Put in proper order.	34 112 120 58 48 3
V. Gift as a token of good luck.	66 4 19 153 30 22 61
W. Actual, or seeming, quotation at beginning of a work, to suggest its theme.	188 11 72 26 121 102 175 50
X. Brightest star in the heavens, solemn-sounding.	123 154 47 150 164 110
Y. Present minority floor leader of the U.S. Senate.	158 116 42 101 131 17 118 79
Z. First chief of the F.T.C., 1942.	119 142 195 49 57

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 H	2 B	3 U	4 V	5 L	6 F	■	7 P	8 N	9 M	10 L	■	11 W
12 E	13 Q	14 L	15 B	16 O	17 Y	■	18 L	19 V	■	20 D	21 R	22 V	■	23 A	24 D	25 B	26 W	
27 K	■	28 E	29 S	30 V	■	31 S	■	32 C	33 E	34 U	35 H	36 A	37 M	38 G	—	39 D	40 J	
—	41 I	42 Y	43 F	44 S	■	45 P	46 M	47 X	48 U	49 Z	■	50 W	51 Q	52 E	■	53 K	54 R	
55 C	56 S	57 Z	58 U	59 N	60 J	61 V	■	62 E	63 A	64 D	65 M	66 V	■	67 N	68 I	69 J	■	
70 A	71 N	72 W	73 O	74 P	75 E	76 F	■	77 B	78 K	79 Y	■	80 D	81 N	82 S	■	83 B	84 A	
85 Q	■	86 Q	87 M	■	88 S	89 E	90 I	91 G	■	92 I	93 J	94 K	95 O	■	96 J	97 D	98 K	
99 P	100 T	■	101 Y	102 W	103 T	104 D	105 R	■	106 T	■	107 I	108 R	109 L	110 X	111 J	112 U	113 B	
114 N	■	115 O	116 Y	■	117 N	118 Y	119 Z	■	120 U	121 W	122 I	123 X	124 T	125 M	126 B	127 C	■	
128 A	129 N	130 K	131 Y	132 L	■	133 P	134 G	■	135 I	136 G	137 T	138 J	139 D	140 F	141 P	142 Z	143 S	
144 L	145 M	■	146 R	147 H	■	148 J	149 C	150 X	151 H	152 S	153 V	■	154 X	155 A	■	156 P	157 M	
■	158 Y	159 G	160 C	161 L	162 P	163 E	■	164 X	165 A	■	166 R	167 A	168 M	169 B	170 I	171 D	172 K	
■	173 K	174 T	175 W	176 E	■	177 P	178 N	179 E	180 D	■	181 F	182 J	183 T	184 P	■	185 B	186 O	
187 P	188 W	■	189 L	190 F	191 K	192 O	■	193 L	194 F	195 Z	196 C							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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